

FACT AND STORY READERS

BOOK THREE



SUZZALLO · FREELAND ·
McLAUGHLIN · SKINNER ·





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FACT AND STORY READERS—BOOK THREE

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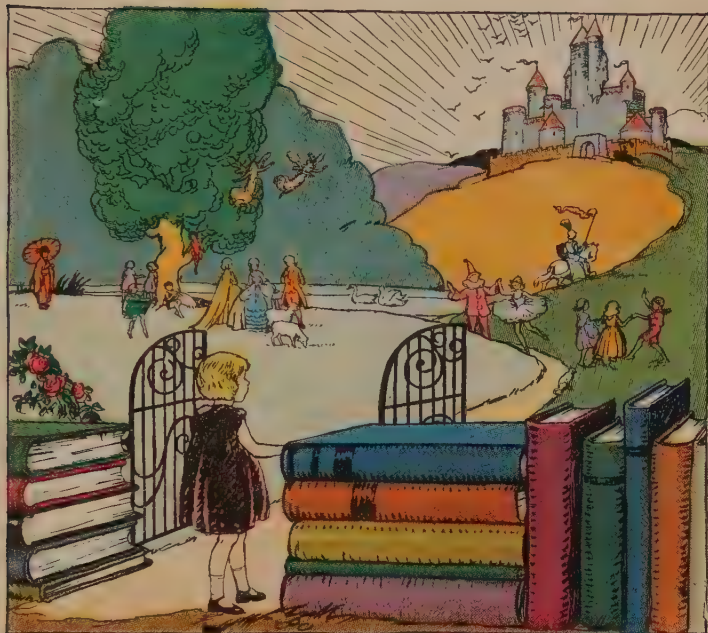
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Doors of Bookland

I do not need a magic wish,
I do not need a wand ;
I'll step between two little gates
And be in wonderland !
And all the happy things I'll see
The story-tellers made for me.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



Ned and Tip

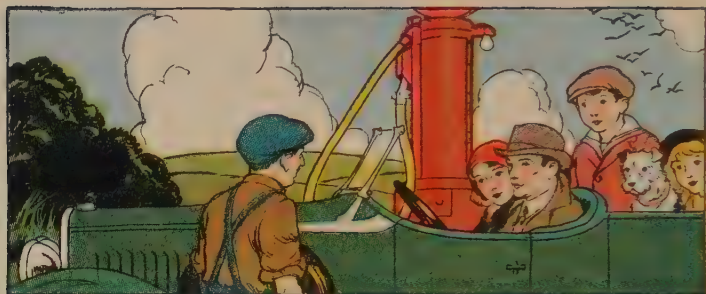
Dogs often surprise us by the clever things they do. Here is a story about a dog named Tip, and his little master. People who knew Tip called him a clever dog.

Read the story. Would you call Tip clever?

I. Happy Times

One summer Father, Mother, Ned, and Nan went to the country for their vacation. Ned took Tip, his black and white terrier, with him.

The children and the dog had happy times together. Every morning Ned and Nan took Tip to the pond for a swim. After his bath, they all had a run through the fields. Sometimes Tip would dart off into the woods. Ned knew he was chasing a rabbit. Tip always came back when Ned whistled.



“Vacation is over,” said Father one morning. “Be ready to start home to-morrow.”

“That will give us time to move into our new house before school begins,” said Mother.

Early the next morning all were ready to go back to the city. Father, Mother, Nan, Ned, and Tip climbed into the automobile. They were soon on their way.

Half-way on the road home, they stopped to get some gasoline. Father found that other things, too, were needed for the automobile. It was about ten minutes before they could leave the gasoline station.

2. The Lost Dog

When they were just ready to start again, they missed Tip. "He was in the car when we stopped for gasoline," said Ned.

"We'll find him before we go on," said Father.

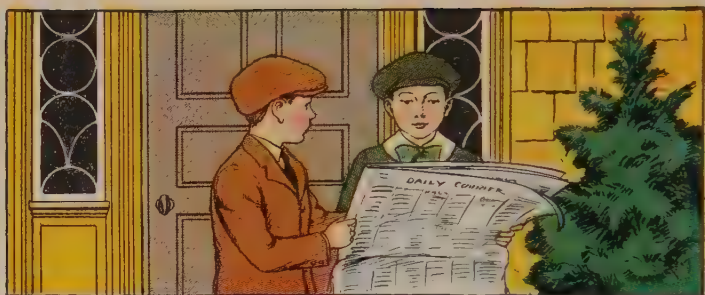
"Do you think he jumped out to chase a rabbit?" asked Nan.

"Perhaps he did," said Father. "I wonder if he can find his way back."

"He knows his way in the city, Father," answered Ned, "but he doesn't know his way in the country. Let's whistle for him. Maybe he'll come."

Father and Ned whistled and whistled. Mother and Nan called his name. They looked everywhere. Then they waited and waited, but the lost dog did not come back. There was nothing to do but to go on home without Tip.

"I'll put a notice in the newspapers," said Father. "Someone may find Tip."



“Be sure to give our new address,” added Mother.

The next morning this story about Tip was in the newspapers :

LOST : Near Greenfield, a black and white terrier. Answers to name of Tip. Please return to Ned Lewis, 123 Washington Street. Telephone, 456 Hilltop.

“I’ll tell Jack,” said Ned. “He’ll be on the watch for Tip.”

Jack was Ned’s best school friend. Jack knew Tip. Every morning, during the past spring, when Jack and Ned had gone to school, Tip had gone with them.

When they had reached the school, Ned had said, "Run home, Tip," and off Tip had scampered. He knew his way everywhere in the city.

Sometimes Jack had found Tip outside the school waiting for Ned. As soon as Ned had come, they had all played a good game.

Jack was sorry to hear that Ned had lost Tip.

3. Tip Returns

Father, Mother, and the children moved into the new house. Ned and Nan had to go to another school. Their old school was now too far away.

And all the time Tip was trying to find his way home. For days he wandered alone about the country, sometimes in the wind and rain. Often he was without food. At last, one morning in some way that dogs know, he found the road to the city where Ned lived.

In a little while, tired and hungry, Tip reached his old home. He went up to the back door and barked. No answer came.

He ran to the front porch and scratched on the door. He heard nothing. Then he put his paws on the window sill and looked into the house. No one came to say a word to him, for the house was empty.

What do you think Tip did then? He went right to the school where he had gone so often with Ned. It was too early for school to be over. So Tip waited.

By and by he heard a bell ring. Soon out of the school came the children. Tip looked at each boy and each girl, but he did not see either Ned or Nan.

All at once he wagged his tail and ran to someone he knew. It was Jack.

Jack looked at the dog, but did not know him. Tip was so thin that you could count all his bones. His fur was



dirty and his collar was gone. The poor dog looked as though he had traveled far.

Jack looked closer. Then he called out, in surprise, "Tip! Tip! Where have you been?"

He patted Tip and tried to take him home. Tip would not move. He kept watching the door of the school. Jack ran home to get Tip something to eat. When he told his mother Tip had come back, she said, "Telephone the good news to Ned."

Over the telephone Ned heard, "Hello, Ned. Tip is back. He is waiting at school for you."

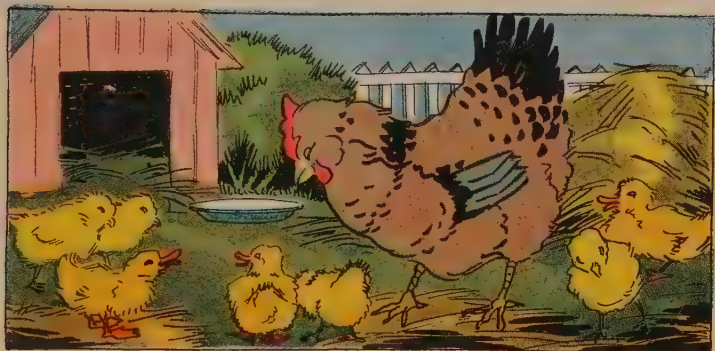
Ned could scarcely believe what Jack had said. "Take care of him till I come, Jack," Ned called back.

In a little while Mother, Ned, and Nan drove to the school. Tip saw the automobile coming. He knew that car. It stopped. Ned opened the door. In a moment Tip was in his little master's arms.

Choose

1. Father, Mother, and the children went
to the country
 in the winter
 in the summer
2. On the way home they stopped to get
gasoline
 at a market
 at a gasoline station
 at a grocery
3. When ready to start, Father missed
 Nan
 Ned
 Tip
4. Ned said Tip could find his way
 in the city
 in the country
5. After their return, the family moved
 to the country
 to another house in the city

6. When Tip reached the city, he went
to the new home
to the old home
to Jack's home
7. When he found the house empty, Tip
went
to the new house
to the school
back to the country
8. The first one Tip saw that he knew was
Ned
Nan
Jack
9. Jack gave Ned the good news
in a letter
over the telephone
over the radio
10. Mother, Nan, and Ned came for Tip
in the street car
on the train
in an automobile



The Lonesome Ducklings

Sometimes the farmer puts under the hen both duck eggs and hen eggs for her to hatch. In time she has both chicks and ducks to take care of.

Read this story about three ducklings that belonged to a mother hen.

1. A Bargain

Billy's brown hen had hatched three ducklings with six chicks of her own. The ducklings were a funny sight as they waddled about the yard after Mother Hen. People used to stand at the fence and watch them and laugh at them.

Every night the ducklings would cuddle under Mother Hen. And Mother Hen would spread her wings over them and cluck to them just as she did to her chicks.

One day Mr. Meggs, a neighbor who kept a drug store, stopped at the fence.

"I'll give you a dollar if you will lend me your little ducks, Billy," he said. "I'll take good care of them. You shall have them back in two or three days."

Billy had never before had a whole dollar. He did not wait a minute before answering.

"You may take them, Mr. Meggs," said Billy. "You'll be good to them, won't you? You'll give them enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Meggs. "You'll have them back safe and sound, Billy."

Billy caught the three ducklings, put them into a box, and gave them to Mr. Meggs.

Then Billy went into the house and told his mother.

"What is Mr. Meggs going to do with them?" she asked.

Billy thought for a moment. Then he answered, "I didn't ask him, Mother. I wonder what he is going to do with them. But he said he would take good care of them and bring them back."

2. The Drug Store Window

That evening Gordie West whistled outside of Billy's gate.

"Ask your mother if you may walk down town with me. I'm going to buy a new baseball," said Gordie.

Billy's mother said that he might go. Together the two boys walked down town.

"Come over to Mr. Meggs's drug store with me," said Gordie. "I want to show you something."

The boys crossed the road to the corner. Several people were standing before a window.

"Aren't they sweet!" said a little girl.

“ Poor little things, they’re cold ! ” said her mother.

“ What are they looking at ? ” asked Billy.

“ At my rabbits,” answered Gordie, proudly. “ Mr. Meggs gave me a dollar for lending him my rabbits.”

“ He gave me a dollar for my ducks ! ” said Billy. Then he looked into the window.

There in a little pen, Billy saw his three ducklings. In one corner were Gordie’s rabbits.

“ Those are my ducks,” said Billy. But as he watched them, he almost cried. There was food on the floor ; there was water in the dish. But the poor little ducklings were cold.

They looked homesick and lonesome, too. One of them was cuddling up against a rabbit. Another little duckling was standing all alone in a corner.



Billy could stand it no longer. "Wait a minute," he said to Gordie.

Billy felt for the dollar bill that he had carried around in his pocket. He looked at the homesick ducklings, trying to warm themselves by the rabbits. Then he went into the store.

3. Home Again

"Here's that dollar, Mr. Meggs," he said. "I think I'd better take my little ducks home. They've never been away from their mother before and they're cold."

"Very well," said Mr. Meggs, kindly. "Keep the dollar, Billy. Your ducks have brought me more than that in trade. Many people who stopped to look in my window to-day came in to buy something."

Billy carried the ducklings home in the box that night. When he put them into Mother Hen's coop, they ran under her wings with the happiest little quacks you ever heard.

Mother Hen clucked and clucked. She was very happy to have her ducklings home again.

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE

Questions to Answer

Answer from the story :

1. How did Mother Hen treat the ducklings that she had hatched?
2. How did Mr. Meggs promise to treat them?
3. Did he keep his promise? Tell how you know.
4. Why did Billy feel sorry for the ducklings?
5. What did he do for them?

Think and answer:

1. Why did Mr. Meggs put the ducklings in his drug store window?
2. What made them feel lonesome?
3. In what way did the ducklings help Mr. Meggs's trade that day?

The Story of a Pet Bear

A baby bear is called a cub. Cubs make good pets ; but it is not safe to keep them after they become big bears.

Read this story about a pet cub.

1. The Ball of Fur

When Dick was twelve years old, he spent the summer at his grandfather's farm. It was near the edge of a great forest.

One day Dick noticed that some bees in the garden flew toward the wood. He asked Grandfather why the bees didn't fly to the beehives.

"Those are wild bees, Dick," answered Grandfather. "They have a honey tree in the forest. Follow the bees and you will find the bee-tree. Bees always fly in a straight line."

Soon after that, Dick started out with Dave, one of the men from the farm. They were going to find the bee-tree.



After walking for a little while in the forest, they came to a hollow log. Dick thought this would be a fine place for the bees to hide their honey. Dave knew it was not the bee-tree; but to please Dick, Dave chopped into the log.

When Dave had split open the log, out rolled a ball of fur. It unrolled quickly. What do you think that ball of fur was? It was a baby bear that winked and blinked in a surprised, sleepy way.

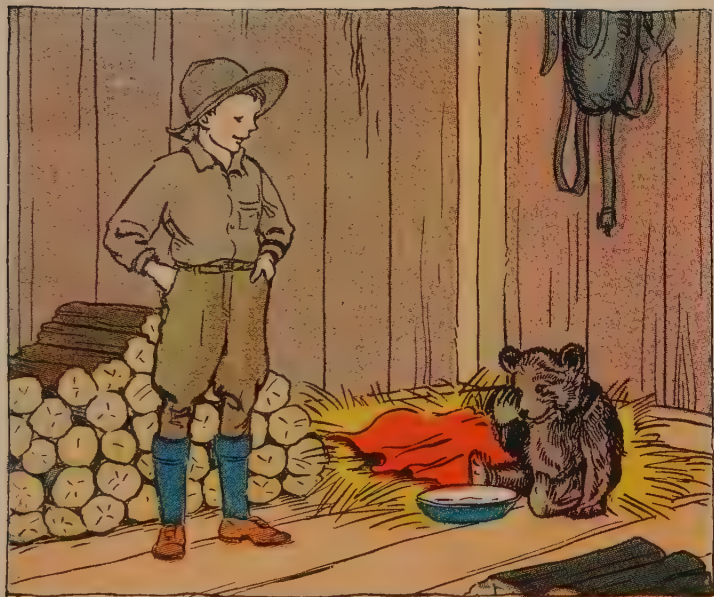
Dick and Dave thought this a better find than honey. Wrapping the cub in a coat, they hurried home as fast as they could go. They were afraid the mother bear might find them.

Dave made the little bear a cozy home in the corner of the woodshed. Dick gave him a big bowl of bread and milk. The hungry little cub ate his supper. Then he curled up and was soon fast asleep. Dick named his pet "Bee."

2. The New Pet

The next morning Dick found Bee washing his face in the remains of his supper. When he saw Dick, the cub sat up and held out his paws. He was full of play. He rolled over and over and curled and uncurled himself. Dick was sure he could tame Bee and teach him many tricks.

Every day Dick played with his pet. By the time vacation was over, Bee had learned to shake hands, to beg for some-



thing to eat, and to turn somersaults. Dick wished to take his pet back to the city with him, but Grandfather thought it best to leave Bee in the country.

At school Dick's friends wanted to hear all about the bear. Dick read aloud to the children every one of Grandfather's letters. Each letter was filled with stories about Bee's comical ways.

3. The Lost Pet

One day in November news came that Bee was lost.

Grandfather had gone to town for the day. He had not fastened the door of the woodshed. The next morning, he had missed Bee. There was no trace of him.

Grandfather and his helper had searched the woods, but they had not found Bee. "I believe he is taking his winter nap," Grandfather's letter said. "Bears sleep all winter long. Perhaps, when spring comes, we shall see Bee again."

Early in April, Dick had another letter from Grandfather. Dick shouted with joy when he read it, for Bee had been found.

This is how it happened. Dave had gone to the sugar camp to get the log house ready for the sugar boiling. He found the house half-full of dried leaves. While raking them out from a corner, he found Bee, all curled up snug and warm.



Dave tied the baby bear without waking him, covered him with leaves, and left him.

When sugar making began, Bee was wide awake and hungry. He knew Dave and followed him home.

The next summer when Dick reached the farm, he hardly knew Bee. The bear had grown into such a big strong fellow that he had to be tied out of doors. But he was still good-natured. He and Dick were soon the best of friends again.

4. The Circus Bear

Bee was now so big and rough that Grandfather was afraid the bear might hurt Dick.

"I think it would be best to sell Bee to the circus," Grandfather said, one morning. "It is coming to the village soon."

At first Dick was not willing to listen to Grandfather's plan. But Dick knew that Bee was getting too rough for a pet. At last Dick said he would let Bee go.

A man from the circus came to the farm. He saw Bee and was glad to get a bear that could do so many tricks.

Several times afterwards, when the circus visited the town where Dick lived, he saw his old pet again.

HYATT VERRILL



Find and Read

Find and read a part of the story that tells

1. why Dave chopped into the hollow log.
2. what rolled out of the log.
3. what the ball of fur was.
4. what Dick gave the cub to eat.
5. three tricks Bee learned to do.
6. why Dick read his letters aloud to his school friends.
7. how Bee got away.
8. what Grandfather thought Bee was doing during the winter.
9. how they found Bee again.
10. why Dick shouted with joy when he read Grandfather's second letter.
11. why Dick hardly knew Bee when he saw him again.
12. why Dick was willing to sell Bee.
13. that Dick saw his old pet again.

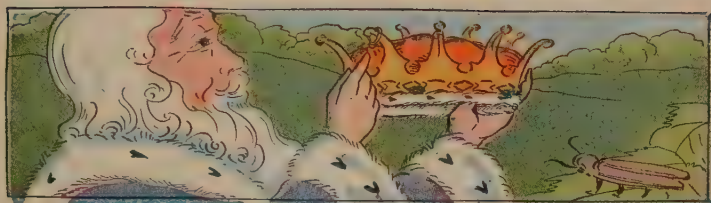


How the Firefly Got Its Light

You have seen the firefly at night going about with its little lantern. Some people call the firefly a lightning bug. Did you ever wonder where it got its light? Here is a pretty story that is told about it.

A long time ago the King of the Air lost his ring. Now the King of the Air was proud of that ring and wanted to get it back again. So he offered a prize to the animal that could find it.

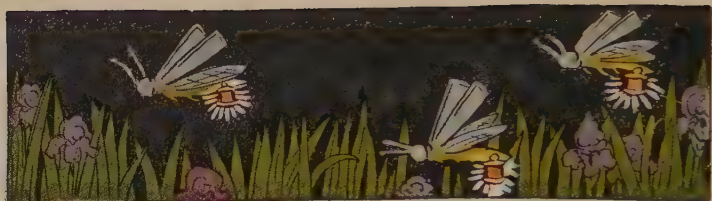
You can imagine what a hustle and bustle there was in Animal-land. Each animal thought of a prize he would ask for, if only he could find the ring.



All the animals began hunting. Only a small beetle sat still and did not search. The King of the Air noticed this. So he asked the beetle, "Why do you not hunt for the ring, Little Beetle? Have you no wish you would like granted?"

The beetle answered, "Indeed, O King, I have a wish. But there is no need to search for the ring. I can see it glittering as it hangs from one of the points of your golden crown."

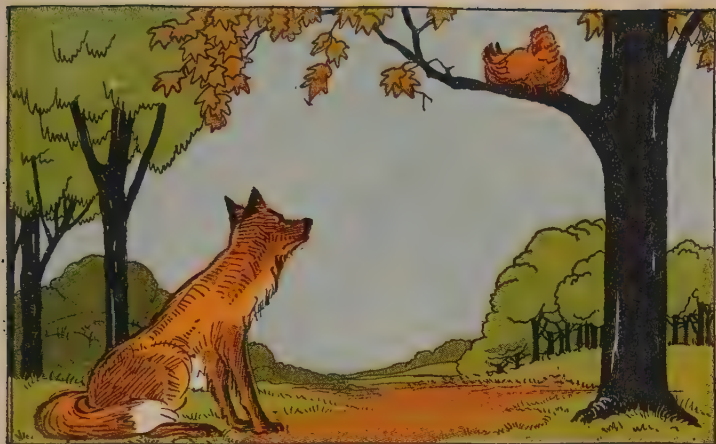
Then the King of the Air took off his golden crown. There he found the ring hanging from one of the points. He was so grateful that he said to the beetle, "Choose your own reward, and it shall be granted to you."



“O King,” answered the beetle, “all day my family and I work hard. When night comes, we would like to play. But then the sun is gone and it is too dark in the forest. Let the sun shine all the time upon us.”

“That is a wish I cannot grant,” the King answered. “The sun, too, must have a rest. But this I will do for you. I will give to you and to each of your family a tiny lantern that you may carry with you at all times. When night comes, it will light your way.”

So the beetle took the lantern. It is not lighted in the daytime ; but at night it glows brightly. And ever since that day this beetle has been called Firefly.



The Hen and the Fox

Long ago there was a time during each year when all the birds and beasts were at peace. The cat did not try to catch the mouse; the fox did not try to get the hen; and the wolf did not try to eat the lamb.

One day a sly fox saw a hen resting in a tree. The fox pretended that a peace meeting of all the birds and beasts had been called.

“Good morning, Friend Hen,” said the fox. “I have good news for you. Come down and I will tell you what it is.”

“No, thank you,” said the hen. “I am happy here in the tree. Tell me the news.”

“Do come down, Friend Hen,” begged the fox. “Don’t you know that there is now peace? We animals do not harm one another. Do come down.”

“I did not know that a peace meeting had been called,” said the hen, in surprise. “But I would rather stay in the tree. I see some dogs coming this way.”

“Dogs!” exclaimed the fox. “I will run.”

“Why do you run, Fox, if there is peace among us? The dogs will not harm you.”

“Oh, I’m afraid the dogs have not heard of it!” said the fox. And off he went to a thicket as fast as his legs could take him.



The Monkeys and the Bananas

1. The Bargain

Once upon a time there was a little old woman who had a garden full of banana trees.

Bananas grow at the tops of the trees. This made it hard for her to gather the fruit herself. So she made a bargain with a big monkey.

“If you will get the bananas for me,” she said to him, “I will give you half of all the fruit.”

The monkey agreed to the bargain, and gathered the bananas. When he divided the fruit, he gave the old woman the small bananas and kept the large ones.

“I shall punish that monkey,” said the old woman.

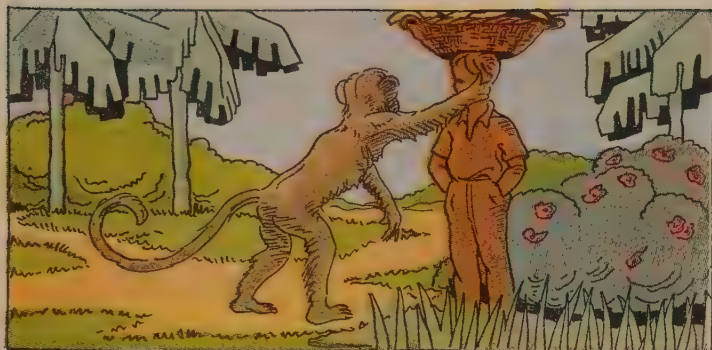


2. The Peddler Boy

The next morning she made an image of wax. It looked just like a peddler boy. On the top of his head she placed a large basket. Into the basket she put the best bananas she could find.

After a while, the biggest monkey came that way. He saw the image of wax and thought it was a boy selling bananas. The biggest monkey often played jokes on boys who sold fruit. Sometimes he upset their baskets and scampered away.

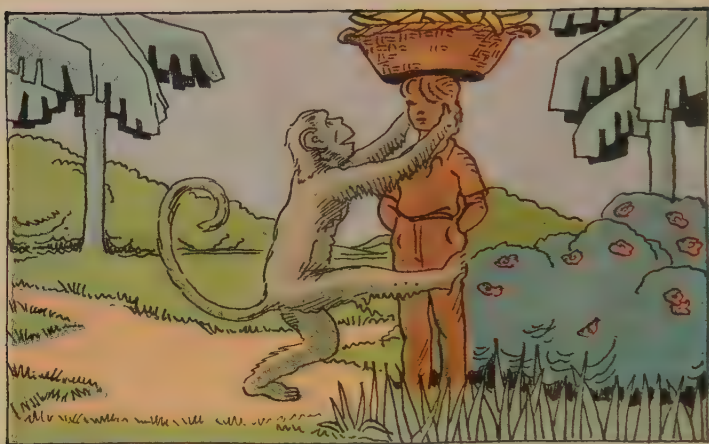
“Good morning, peddler boy,” said the monkey. “Will you please give me a banana?” The image of wax answered never a word.



“What a rude peddler boy he is,” thought the monkey. Then he called out in a loud voice, “O peddler boy, if you don’t give me a banana, I will push you. I will push you so hard, I’ll upset your fruit.”

The image of wax answered never a word. The monkey ran toward it and struck it hard with his right hand. His hand stuck fast in the wax.

“O peddler boy, let go of my hand,” the monkey called out. “If you don’t, I’ll give you a hard blow with my other hand!”

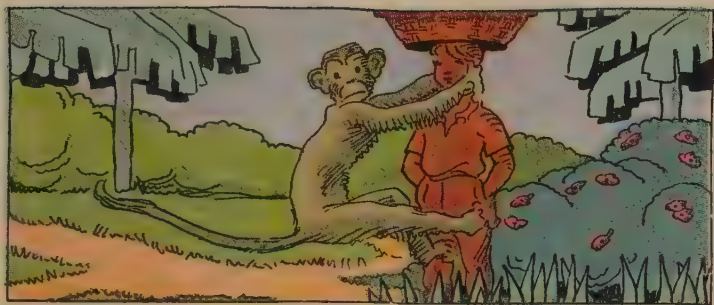


The image of wax answered never a word. It did not let go. The monkey gave it a hard blow with his left hand. That hand stuck fast in the wax, too.

“O peddler boy, let go my two hands,” shouted the monkey. “If you don’t, I’ll give you a kick with my foot.”

The image of wax answered never a word. It did not let go.

The monkey gave the image a kick with his right foot. And his right foot stuck fast in the wax!



“O peddler boy,” called out the monkey again, “let go my two hands and my foot. If you don’t, I’ll give you a kick with my other foot.”

The image of wax answered never a word. It did not let go.

Then the monkey, who was now very angry, kicked the image of wax with his left foot. And his left foot, too, stuck fast.

“O peddler boy, let go my two hands. Let go my two feet,” the monkey shouted. “If you don’t, I’ll call all the other monkeys to help me.”

But the image of wax answered never a word. It did not let go.



3. The Littlest Monkey's Plan

The monkey made such a noise with his screams and shouts that his friends came running to him. There were big monkeys, and middle-sized monkeys, and little monkeys.

The littlest monkey thought of a way to help the biggest monkey. This was his plan.

"We will climb up the tallest tree," he said. "Then we will pile ourselves, one on top of another. The highest one will be the monkey with the loudest voice. He will shout to the sun for help."



All the monkeys did what the littlest monkey planned. The one with the loudest voice made the sun hear what they wanted.

The big round sun came out at once. It sent its hot rays down upon the image of wax. In a little while, it began to melt. Out came the monkey's right hand.

The sun sent down more of its rays. Out came the monkey's left hand. Then out came his left foot; then out came his right foot. At last he was free.

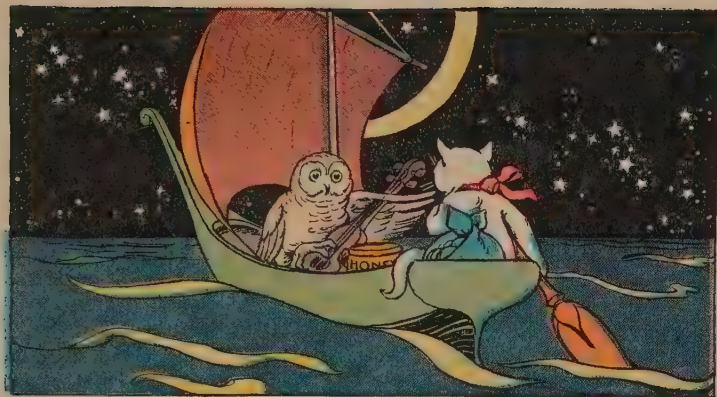
By and by the old woman left her home, and went to another part of the world to live. There she grew vegetables instead of fruit. So the monkeys took her garden full of banana trees.

And from that day to this, those monkeys have thought that they own all the bananas in the world.

ELSIE SPICER EELLS

Questions to Answer

1. What bargain about the bananas did the old woman make with the monkey?
2. Why did she make an image of wax?
3. Why did the monkey think the image rude?
4. In what way was the monkey rude, too?
5. How did the littlest monkey help?
6. How did the sun's rays help?
7. Why did the old woman leave her banana trees?
8. What became of her garden?



The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat :
They took some honey, and plenty of
money,

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“ O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!

What a beautiful Pussy you are!”



Pussy said to the Owl, " You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married ; too long we have
tarried :

But what shall we do for a ring? "
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows ;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.



“ Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling

Your ring? ” Said the Piggy, “ I will.”
So they took it away, and were married
next day

By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon ;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

Yes — No

1. Do wild bees keep their honey in a bee-tree?
2. Do they fly in a straight line from the garden to their tree in the forest?
3. Is a baby bear called a lamb?
4. Late in the fall, do bears go into their homes and sleep all winter long?
5. Can you teach a young bear many tricks?
6. Does a big bear make a good pet?
7. Is the fox always clever enough to get his way?
8. Are duck eggs sometimes put under a hen for her to hatch?
9. When the eggs are hatched, is Mother Hen as pleased with her ducklings as she is with her chicks?
10. Does she let the little chicks go to the pond and swim?
11. Do the monkeys own all the bananas in the world?



A Clever Spider

Have you ever heard that some spiders have telephones? The spider you are going to read about has one from its web to its tent.

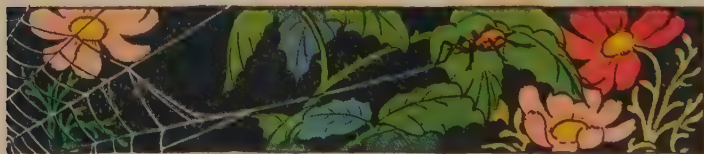
Spiders eat grasshoppers, flies, and other insects. To catch this kind of food they make webs of fine threads that shine like silk.

Some spiders rest in the middle of their webs and wait there for a good dinner. They know they will catch a foolish fly or a mosquito that does not watch where he is going.

The spider that has a telephone does not need to stay on its web to catch food. It has a little tent above the side of the web. Its telephone is a line that runs from the middle of the web to its tent.

There the spider hides and waits for a telephone call. It has no telephone bell. How do you think it knows when there is a dinner on the web? While the spider is in the tent, the sly creature keeps one foot on the telephone wire.

Suddenly it feels the wire shaking. A foolish insect has flown against the web and is caught. This is the telephone message which the spider gets: "A fine dinner is here for you." Then the telephone wire becomes a bridge and away the spider runs across it to get a good dinner.



Questions to Answer

Answer from the story :

1. What do spiders eat?
2. Of what is the web made?
3. For what does the spider use its web?
4. Where does the spider with the telephone stay?
5. How does it know when some foolish fly or mosquito is in its web?
6. What does the telephone message say to the spider?
7. For what does it use the telephone wire when a fly or a mosquito is caught?

Think and answer :

1. Would the spider that sits in the middle of its web catch as many insects as the one that has a telephone? Why?
2. Should we fear the spider as much as we should the flies and mosquitoes that it catches? Tell why.

Spider Airplanes

It has taken many years for us to make an airplane which is safe for us to fly in. Here is a true story for you to read about a safe airplane that is made in a very few minutes.

Baby spiders are not very strong at first. So Mother Spider takes her family of eight hundred children out each day when it is bright. Her head and back are piled deep with baby spiders. She does this until they are able to care for themselves.

One day Mother Spider thought, "My children are nearly ready to go up."

She meant that they were almost ready to fly in the air. Little spiders take a ride in airplanes before they leave Mother Spider and have homes of their own.

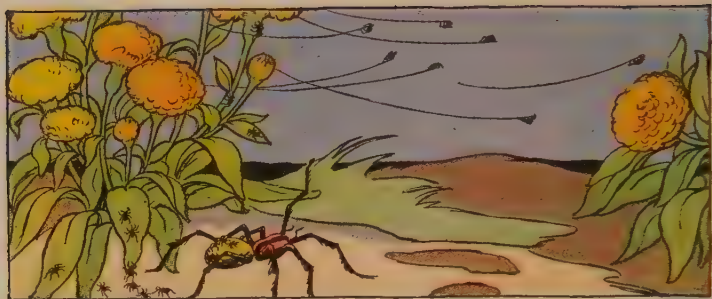
About the middle of March came a hot day. The sun was shining and a gentle



breeze was blowing. Mother Spider went out with her family and walked toward some bushes. She told the young spiders to get down from her back and to crawl up the stems of the bushes.

All were delighted to do that. They were in such a hurry to get down that they tumbled over one another. But not one of the eight hundred was lost.

As soon as they were on the ground, each baby spider climbed up as high on a bush as he could go. Then each spun a little string about as long as your arm. He fastened one end to a twig. The other end floated in the air. This was the beginning of an airplane as light as thistledown.



Baby Spider crawled carefully out on the string. All the time the wind was floating it this way and that way. Sometimes the string went up and sometimes it went down, but the little spider hung on. Soon he came near the end.

If you have ever played "crack the whip," you know how hard it is for the one on the end to hold on. So it was with the baby spider. He kept on just long enough for Mother Nature to unfasten the thread from the twig. Then, whisk! Away went the spider airplane with Baby Spider. There was a good south wind ; so he sailed for hours.

In this way all Mother Spider's eight hundred children, one by one, made their airplanes and sailed away in them. Some were driven a long, long way by the wind. Others had short rides. At length the air trips were over.

When the little aviators came down to the ground, each landed at a different place. That was well, for spiders are not agreeable, if too close together. Spiders do not make friends with one another. The wind and the sun are their friends. The sun feeds them and the wind scatters them.

When you are walking through a field on a windy day, one of these airplanes may sail against your face. If you look at it closely, you will see a baby spider holding on to a silk thread as long as your arm. This little aviator out for a ride is one of the baby spiders you have been reading about.

Find the Right Words

For each of these sentences find the right group of words to read in place of the blank. Some groups you will use more than once, and one group not at all.

a spider airplane
to a twig
long silk thread
eight hundred children
in a basket
head and back
as your arm
at a different place
stems of bushes
end of the string

1. While the baby spiders are very tiny, Mother Spider carries them on her —.

2. One day Mother Spider thought her children were strong enough to take a ride in —.

3. They tumbled off Mother Spider's head and back and climbed up the —.

4. Then each spun a —.

5. It was about as long —.

6. Each baby spider fastened one end of the thread —.

7. Then it crawled carefully out to the —.

8. Away it went for a ride in —.

9. Airplanes like these were made by each one of Mother Spider's —.

10. When the rides were over, each baby spider landed —.

11. Do you think Mother Spider's children enjoyed taking a ride on her —?

12. Have you ever seen — floating through the air?

13. Are you surprised to learn that there are — in Mother Spider's family?

Tadpoles

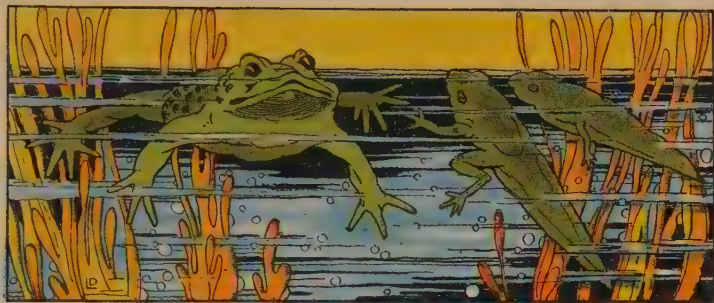
The frog's babies are hatched from tiny eggs. The eggs look like little black balls covered with pale jelly. The babies are called tadpoles.

Early in spring you can see the wee fellows wriggling around in the water. Usually they stay along the edges of ponds.

Very young tadpoles do not look as though they would ever be frogs. They seem to be all heads and long tails. They wriggle their tails most of the time.

At first they have no eyes and no mouths. But tadpoles grow very fast. Soon they are able to see and to eat. Then they can make their way quickly through the water to find food.

In a little while a strange thing happens. Hind legs can be seen. When these are almost an inch long, front legs begin to show.



Then something still stranger happens. The tails grow shorter and shorter until they are gone. Then the little fellows are no longer tadpoles. They have become young frogs.

Spring is the best time in which to find frogs' eggs. Look for them along the edges of a pond late in the season.

You can watch frogs' eggs become tadpoles if you follow these directions.

With a dipper, take some of the eggs out of the pond. Put them into a glass jar filled with pond water. Place the jar where the sun will not make the water too warm.

When the eggs are hatched, the tadpoles should be put into a large glass bowl.

Make the new home ready in this way. At the bottom of the bowl put some of the small stones, mud, and leaves from the pond. Also, put some of the little water plants you find growing under the water near the edge. Fill the bowl with pond water and put the tadpoles into it.

Every week add fresh pond water and a few more stones and mud.

As the tadpoles grow, once in a while feed them a little cooked corn meal.

Choose

From the groups of words that follow the questions, choose the right answer for each question.

1. What do frogs' eggs look like?
2. What do the eggs hatch into?
3. At what time in the year should you look for frogs' eggs?
4. Where should you look for them?

5. Which legs appear first?
6. What happens to the tadpole's tail?
7. What do tadpoles find to eat in the pond?
8. If you take tadpoles home to watch, what should you give them to swim in?
9. What should you give them to eat?
10. What should you put at the bottom of the glass bowl?
11. What should you add every week to the bowl in which you keep your tadpoles?

early in spring

pond water

tiny tadpoles

grows shorter and shorter

little black balls covered with pale jelly

water plants

hind legs

along edges of ponds

small stones, mud, and leaves

fresh pond water and a few more stones



A Visit to a Squirrel Nursery

Squirrels are lively little fellows. They never sit still except at meals. In the nursery, squirrel children are never rude at the table.

The table is an old flat stump. Early in the morning, before most of the birds are awake, Father Squirrel comes gliding down his tree. He comes so fast that he is like a drop of water rolling down the trunk.

All night long he has been asleep with his bushy tail wrapped around him like a blanket. Or, he has slept hanging by one paw, with his head downward.

In the morning he gives himself a good brush-up. He smooths down his fur and combs out his whiskers. Then, picking up a nut among the leaves, he sits at the tree stump and eats his breakfast very politely and daintily. Soon Mrs. Squirrel joins him.

"The children had a good night," she says, cheerfully. "They are awake and ready for their breakfast."

The little squirrels live in a night nursery, not with Father and Mother Squirrel. The nursery is a nest built of oak leaves and twigs. It is roofed over. On the side that is draughty, there is a doorway.

When the nursery gets old, it begins to let in the rain and wind. Then Father and Mother Squirrel move the children to a new nursery. Squirrels do not like to get wet, or to be in a draughty place.

After breakfast Father Squirrel and Mother Squirrel scamper up to the night nursery to see the children.



What is all that scolding about? Scold, scold, scold! Chatter, chatter, chatter! You can see that Mother Squirrel is very angry. She is saying to Mrs. Blue Jay, "Go away at once. Leave my nursery alone!"

And Mrs. Blue Jay, with her handsome wings, is scolding just as loud.

"This is my last year's nest," she says. "You have spoiled it by putting a roof on and sticking leaves about. As if I didn't know my own nest!"

But soon all the chattering and scolding stops, for Mrs. Blue Jay has no time to waste. She must get another nest ready.



Then Father Squirrel and Mother Squirrel bring out their children and teach them how to swing, spring, and almost fly from branch to branch.

No other animals in the world are so lively and clever as the little brown squirrels. How they race after one another, up and down the trees! What a jolly time they have! They are the happiest little creatures in the forest.

“Work when you work, and play when you play;

That is the way to be happy and gay.”

No doubt you have often heard this saying. But the squirrels, somehow, do their work and play at the same time.

MAY BYRON

Questions to Answer

Answer from the story :

1. When is the only time that squirrels sit still?
2. What do baby squirrels have for a nursery?
3. Of what is the night nursery made?
4. What fun do they have?
5. Who teaches them to swing and spring up and down the trees?
6. What does a "brush-up" mean?

Think and answer :

1. Why did the squirrels take Mrs. Blue Jay's old nest and make it into a nursery?
2. Why was Mrs. Blue Jay scolding about it?
3. Why did the chattering and the scolding soon stop?
4. Did the squirrels give up the nest? Why?



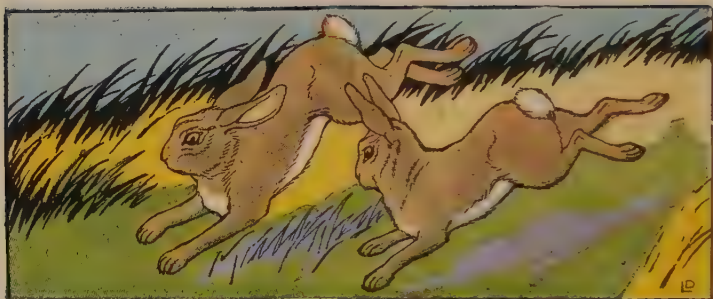
Safety First for Rabbits

Baby Rabbit learns about Safety First from Mother Rabbit. She knows that dogs, snakes, owls, and foxes are on the watch to catch him.

When he is very little, he stays in the nest. If danger is near, he must lie low and say nothing.

As soon as he can run, he learns "to freeze." This means that he sits very still till the danger is past.

When Mother Rabbit wobbles her nose, Baby Rabbit wobbles his. He does this to clear it from dust. A clear nose helps him to scent some kinds of danger.

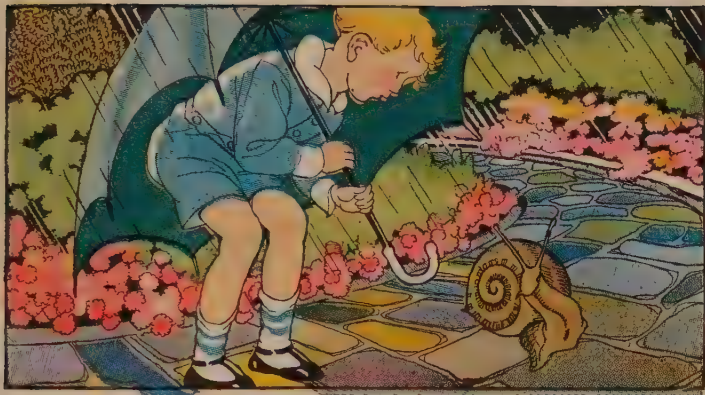


Rabbits seem to call to one another by thumping on the ground. One thump may mean, "Look out, danger is near." *Thump, thump* may mean, "Come." A fast *thump, thump, thump* may mean, "Run for your life."

In one of his lessons Baby Rabbit learns that the brier bush is his best friend.

"If you must run for your life, run to the brier bush. You are safe there." Mother Rabbit tells him that again and again.

Very often Baby Rabbit has to run for his life. You can see why he must learn well his lessons in Safety First.

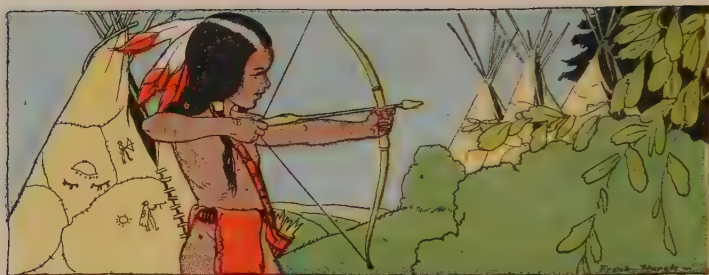


Little Snail

I saw a little snail
Come down the garden walk.
He wagged his head this way — that way—
Like a clown in a circus.
He looked from side to side
As though he were from a different country.
I have always said he carries his house on
his back —
To-day in the rain
I saw that it was his umbrella!

HILDA CONKLING

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Little Bear and His Sister

Long ago there were no white people in our country. Only Indians lived here. Their homes were tents made of the skins of wild animals. These tents were called wigwams. Here is something for you to read about an Indian boy and his baby sister. The boy's name was Little Bear.

Little Bear lived with his father, mother, grandmother, and baby sister in a village of wigwams near the edge of a forest.

Little Bear was the color of an old copper penny. Sometimes he was dressed in the skins of animals. Sometimes he did not wear any clothes at all.

In the spring Little Bear helped his mother in many ways. Then they planted the corn. Little Bear hoed the ground with a clamshell at the end of a stick. When the corn was ripe, the lad helped to gather and husk it.

His mother boiled and dried the kernels of corn ; then she pounded them so fine that they could pass through a sieve. Little Bear made the sieve for her out of dried grass. Also, he gathered reeds and wove them into baskets to hold the corn meal.

You must not think it was all work and no play for this Indian lad. He often enjoyed a game of ball with the other boys of the village. He was a fine swimmer. Every summer day he went splashing about in the cool river.

Little Bear liked best of all to hunt in the woods with his bow and arrows. Many a time he scratched his bare arms against



thorny bushes, or tripped over rough rocks and sharp sticks. But no matter how much he was hurt, he never cried. He shut his teeth tight and tried to smile when his lips quivered. It was not brave to cry. More than anything else in the world he wanted to be brave.

His baby sister spent many hours a day in her queer cradle. It was a bag of skin fastened to a flat board. Sometimes the baby's mother carried the cradle on her back. Sometimes she fastened it to the branches of a tree while she was at work near by. Often the Indian mother sang a lullaby to her little one while she lay in her queer cradle.

Wake-up time in Little Bear's home was not much like wake-up time in your home. After his mother made the fire and his father went outside, Little Bear rolled off his bed of branches. Then he trotted in his bare feet across the dirt floor, to a shelf. On it were three baskets. One was filled with corn meal, one was filled with cooked corn, and the other was filled with acorns.

This shelf was the family cupboard. Whenever Little Bear was hungry, he went there and ate what he wanted.

Little Bear nibbled some corn. Then he gave a loud call to wake up his little sister. The next moment he lifted the flap of bark at the doorway of the wigwam. He stooped under it, and ran out in the light of the early morning.



Choose the Right Endings

1. Little Bear lived with his father, mother,
sister, and grandmother in a
house
cottage
wigwam
2. They lived near a
river
city
forest
3. Little Bear was dressed in
wool
clothes like ours
skins of animals
4. In the spring he helped his mother
sweep the house
make the beds
plant corn
5. Little Bear loved to swim in
the pond
the river
the brook

6. With his little friends he always enjoyed
a game of
catch
tag
ball
7. He liked best to
go to school
swim in the river
hunt with bow and arrows
8. Many times on the hunt he hurt
himself on rough rocks and sharp sticks
But he never cried. He wanted to be
brave
polite
kind
9. Little Bear hoed the ground with
a little rake
a clamshell at the end of a stick
a big shovel

Indian Names of the Months

The Indian names of the months tell us a good deal about Indian life. Their name for month was moon. They noticed that the moon is always changing.

A new moon grows into a full moon and shrinks again into a new moon. The time it takes to make this change is about twenty-eight days. We call this time a month. The Indians called it a moon.

They gave each moon a name which told something about Indian life during that month. They called January the Snow Moon or the Cold Moon.

February was called the Hunger Moon. That was the month when the Indians found little food in the forest.

March was the Crow Moon. Some called it the Wild Goose Moon. The return of the birds brought happiness because it meant that spring had come.

April was the Grass Moon; May the Planting Moon; and June the Rose or Strawberry Moon.

July was the Thunder Moon; some called it the Heat Moon. August was the Green Corn Moon.

September was the Hunting Moon. This, too, was a happy moon; for game was plentiful in the forest.

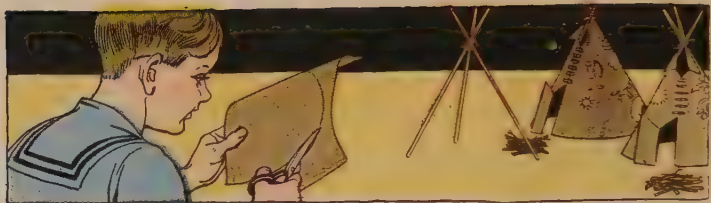
October was the Falling Leaf Moon.

November was the Beaver Moon. That is the time when the beaver is busy cutting down trees. He gnaws the trunks and branches into pieces small enough for him to store away. When winter comes, he eats the bark. Some Indians called November the Frosty Moon.

December was the Long Night Moon.

In which month is your birthday?

What is the Indian name for your birthday month?



How to Make a Wigwam

Take three sticks six inches long. With a piece of string, tie your sticks together at the top. Spread them out so that they stand. You have now the framework for your wigwam.

Make the cover out of a piece of brown paper, twelve inches long and nine inches wide. Cut a large half-circle out of this paper. With your crayons draw on it some Indian pictures. Fasten the paper covering around the sticks. Then fold back the open ends for the door.

Group several wigwams together and you will have an Indian village. Place small twigs and bits of red paper for a fire in front of each wigwam.



The Indian Story-Teller

The Indian grandmother was a good story-teller. Sitting around the evening fire in the wigwam, she told Little Bear wonderful tales. He loved to hear how the Indians got fire, why the robin has a red breast, and why there is a great bear in the sky. Grandmother knew just how and why these things are as they are.

Here are some of the stories that she told Little Bear.

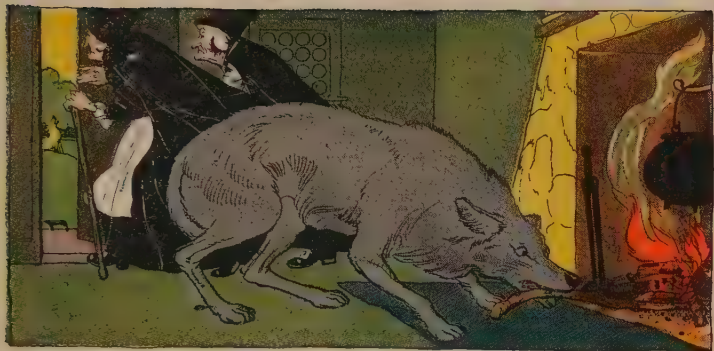
How Fire Came to the Indians

Once long ago the Indians had no fire. The only bit of fire on earth was owned by two old witches who guarded their treasure day and night. No matter how the Indians begged them for an ember, the witches would not give the red men even a spark.

When winter came the Indians suffered from the cold. "The witches will not give us fire," they said. "Let us ask the animals to try to get it for us."

The animals gladly came to the meeting which the Indians called. And when the Indians told about their need, the animals soon thought of a way to help. Coyote was chosen leader.

"Do as I tell you," he said to the other animals, "and our friends shall be warm before sunset. I'll get a spark of fire from the witches. Each of you, in turn, must help to carry it to the Indians."



Then along the road, between the Indian village and the witches' cottage, Coyote placed the animals, leaving short distances between them. The strongest and swiftest runners stood nearest the cottage, the weakest animals stood nearest the village.

As soon as the animals were in their places, Coyote went to the witches' cottage.

"The Indians need fire," he said. "Can you not let me take them one small ember?"

"The fire has been left in our care," said the two, together. "No one shall have even a spark of it!"

Then Coyote went to the window and signaled to his helpers. They knew what he meant. In a moment Lion began to roar, Wolf began to howl, Bear began to growl, and Fox began to bark. All the animals joined in to make a great noise. Even Squirrel chattered and Frog croaked.

Frightened half out of their wits, the witches ran out of their cottage to see what was the matter.

Coyote saw his chance. Taking in his mouth one end of a small stick, he lighted the other end in the fire. Then he fled. When the witches caught sight of the burning stick, they started to chase Coyote. On like the wind they flew after him.

When Coyote's strength began to lessen, he tossed the burning stick to Lion, saying, "Take it, Lion, and run."

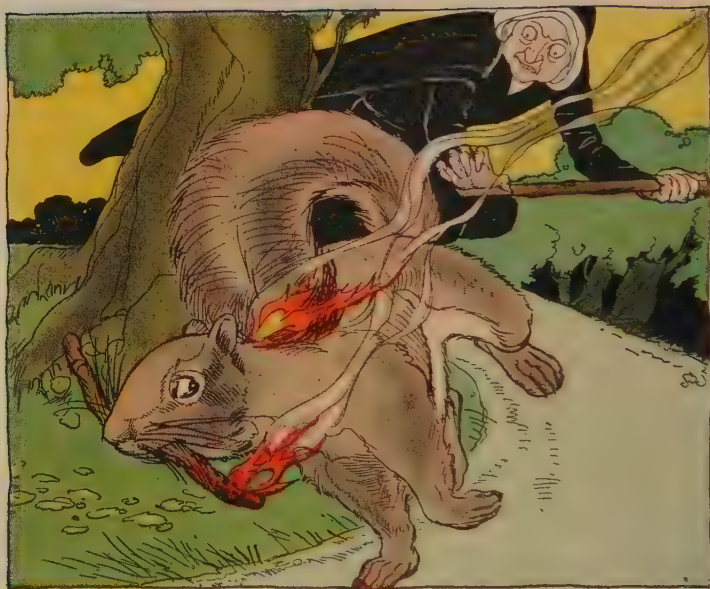
Lion picked up the fire and bounded away with it. On like the wind went the witches after him.



When Lion's strength began to lessen, he tossed the fire to Wolf. "Take it, Wolf," he cried, "and run."

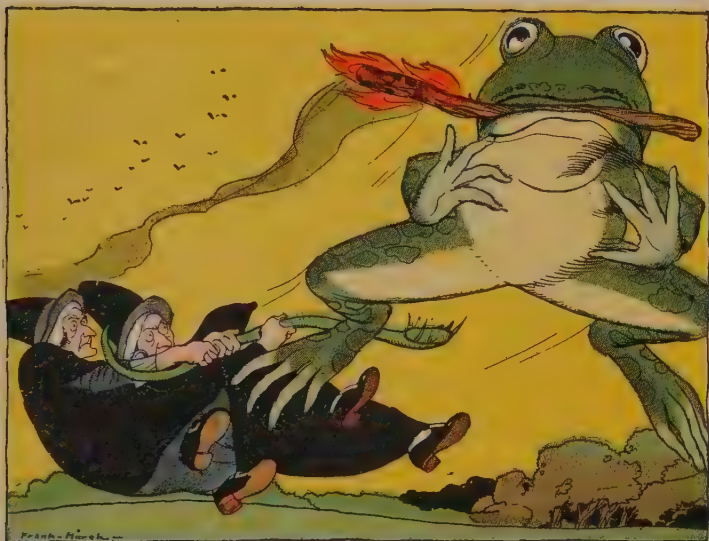
Wolf picked up the bit of fire and leaped away with it. On like the wind flew the witches after him.

In this way, one after another, each of the animals helped to carry the fire to the Indians ; and all the while the witches kept up their chase.



At last it was Squirrel's turn to run. He picked up the burning stick and ran away with it. When he saw the witches gaining on him, he was so frightened that he almost dropped the bit of fire.

As he turned a corner of stumps and rocks, his tail caught fire and scorched a black place on his back. To this day you can see the dark spot between his shoulders.



When the Squirrel's strength began to lessen, he tossed the bit of fire to Frog, the last animal on the road. Frog picked up the fire and hopped away. He was terribly frightened when he saw how close to him the witches were.

The next moment the witches caught him by the tail and held him fast. The poor frog was so frightened that his eyes bulged almost out of his head.



“One big jump,” thought Frog, “and I’ll get away.”

With all his might he gave a big jump. Then he was free. Away he hopped, carrying the bit of fire right into the Indian village. And that is how the Indians got the spark of fire.

But the frog’s eyes have bulged ever since ; and he lost his tail, for he left it in the witches’ hands when he gave that one big jump.



The Great Sky Bear

You have heard of a group of stars called the Big Dipper. Can you find it in the sky? There is another group near the Big Dipper called the Little Dipper. Do you know where to look for it, too? Finding these star groups in the sky is a good test for sharp eyes. If you do not know where to look for them, ask some older person.



The Big Dipper is made up of seven bright stars. Long ago people gave this group its name because they thought the four stars looked like the bowl of a dipper and the three stars looked like its handle.

The Little Dipper, too, is a group of seven stars. We see it just above the Big Dipper.

Many people thought the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper looked like bears. They named the stars in the big group the Big Bear and the stars in the little group the Little Bear.



Some people thought these stars looked like three horses pulling a wagon.

If you hear people speak of the wagon in the sky, you will know that they mean the Big Dipper.

The Indians had another name for the Big Dipper. They called it the Bear and the Three Hunters. This is the story which the Indian grandmother told about how these stars came to be in the sky.

Once upon a time many moons ago, three Indian hunters were out on a chase. While they were hunting, a large white bear sprang up in the forest. They were afraid of the great beast, so they drew their arrows to shoot him.

When the bear saw the arrows, he fled toward the cold North. "We must kill this bear, or, in time, he will kill us," said one of the men to his companions.

Then and there the three hunters decided to chase the beast until one of their arrows had struck the animal's heart.

The first hunter carried the bow and arrows. He said he would always have an arrow ready to shoot. The second hunter carried the kettle. He would be ready to cook the bear meat. The third hunter gathered some sticks. He would have them ready to make a fire for the cooking.

For two whole moons the hunters tracked the bear. Through the woods, out of the



forest, and up to the mountain top they followed him. They rested neither day nor night. Many times they were weary and hungry, but they would not give up the chase.

On and on went the bear until he came to the edge of the world. There he stood still and looked around.

The first hunter was near enough to shoot his arrow. It missed the mark. Quickly the bear turned and ran. The hunters watched him make his way up the great sky trail to Skyland.



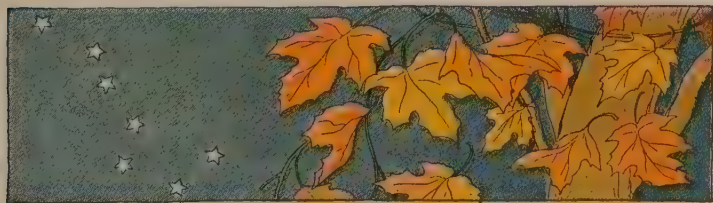
The hunters lost no time. They rushed up the sky trail and followed. "We will chase him through Skyland until one of our arrows finds his heart," they said again.

And to this day the chase is on, high up in the sky. If you look at the stars on a clear night, you will see the bear and the three hunters.

From the Green Grass Moon to the Moon of Falling Leaves, the bear circles slowly in the sky with the hunters chasing him. In the Moon of Falling Leaves the first hunter shoots an arrow. His arrow has always wounded the bear, but it has never reached his heart. The red maple leaves and the red oak leaves in the fall of each year show the hurt which the bear has received.

During the long winter moons, the bear hides. When spring comes, he is back in his place and again the chase is on.

The Indian grandmother says that the hunters may never catch the bear. "But they will never give up chasing him," she always adds.





Greedy Fawn and the Porridge

Once upon a time there grew a wonderful chestnut which the Indians used in their cooking. A very small bit of this chestnut put into a kettle would make a potful of porridge.

In a certain wigwam lived Deerheart, Sly Elk, and their little son, Greedy Fawn. The mother was called Deerheart because she was so loving and gentle and kind. The father was named Sly Elk because he was so strong and fleet of foot. You will soon know why the little boy was called Greedy Fawn.

One day Deerheart and Sly Elk went on a long trail. As they left the wigwam, they said to Greedy Fawn, "Do not touch the chestnut and do not build a fire, while we are away."

Greedy Fawn promised. He watched his father and mother go over the hill. Then he went back to the wigwam.

"Now," thought he, "I will have all the porridge I want."

He gathered some sticks and kindled a fire. Over the fire he hung the kettle, half full of water. Then he found the chestnut. He put a little of it into the kettle and began to stir it. Then he put a little more into the kettle and stirred it. This went on for some time.

Faster and faster Greedy Fawn stirred the boiling porridge, for it began to swell and fill the kettle.

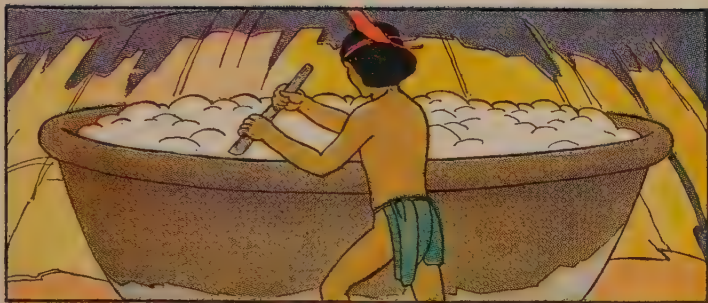
Larger and larger it grew, and it grew, and it grew.



(Greedy Fawn was so frightened he did not know what to do.

“Oh, will it never stop swelling?” he thought. Harder and harder he stirred to keep the porridge from boiling over. He dared not stop.)

Then he remembered that sometimes his mother would rap the kettle with the porridge stick if it became too full.



Rap, rap, rap went the porridge stick on the edge of the kettle. Instantly the *kettle* began to swell. Larger and larger and larger it grew. Greedy Fawn was so frightened he did not know what to do.

Now Greedy Fawn could not reach across the kettle to stir the porridge with his stick. So he began to run around it. And around and around and around the kettle he ran, stirring and stirring and stirring.

At last the kettle was so large that it nearly filled the wigwam. Greedy Fawn could just run around it. And around and around and around the kettle he ran, stirring and stirring and stirring.



Oh, how his little arms ached! And, oh, how tired his small legs were! But still he ran. He dared not stop.

Here was porridge enough to last a small boy a lifetime. But he could not stop to taste one mouthful!

At last Greedy Fawn could run no longer. He stumbled and fell by the side of the kettle. He was too weak to rise. The stick fell from his hand, and the porridge boiled on. Higher and higher and higher it rose. At last it ran over and down the

sides of the kettle. Closer and closer the boiling porridge crept to the little Indian boy, and soon Greedy Fawn and his stick were covered in porridge.

For once Greedy Fawn had all the porridge he wanted. And never again would he have eaten any, had not Deerheart and Sly Elk heard his cries. They came running like deer to the wigwam to save him.

MABEL POWERS

Questions to Answer

Answer from the story :

1. What warning did Deerheart and Sly Elk give to Greedy Fawn?
2. What happened when he did not keep his promise?

Think and answer :

1. What caused all of Greedy Fawn's trouble?
2. What might have happened if his mother and father had not heard him?



The Coming of the Pilgrims

The Pilgrims crossed the ocean in a ship called the *Mayflower*. After a long hard voyage the *Mayflower* reached the shores of America. How happy the Pilgrims were to see land again and how happy the little children were to leave that crowded vessel!

The new country looked very strange to the Pilgrims. There were no cities or towns. There were no houses, streets, or roads. Beyond the shore were thick forests, and the only people they saw were Indians. The Pilgrims began at once to cut down trees and build houses of logs.

The first year they had little to eat. Week after week the snow lay deep on the ground and the men could not find much game in the forests.

Many of the Indians were kind and helpful to the white people. In the spring the new friends gave the Pilgrims corn seed and told them how to plant it. But the frost killed the first crop because the Pilgrims planted the seed too early. Many of these brave people became sick, and some of them died for want of food.

The next spring the Pilgrims planted their corn and other seeds at the proper time. In the fall they had a bountiful harvest.

How thankful and happy the Pilgrims were, in spite of their many hardships! Do you wonder that they said, "Let us have a Thanksgiving Day and express our thanks to our Heavenly Father for His blessings!" They planned to have at the

same time a Thanksgiving feast and invite their Indian friends.

Thanksgiving Day arrived at last. Early in the morning the Pilgrims gathered together at their church and offered prayers of thanks. After the service was over they went home and made ready for the Thanksgiving dinner.

It was indeed a great feast. The women cooked deer and wild turkeys which the men had brought in from the hunt.

Also, they had fish, corn meal puddings, honey, maple sugar cakes, pumpkins, and preserved fruits of all kinds.

Early in the morning the Indian visitors came. Their faces were painted, and on their heads they wore bright feathers. Some of them brought gifts of deer and wild turkey, for the Thanksgiving dinner. These the Pilgrim mothers cooked and added to the harvest feast which they had already prepared.



After the dinner was over, the Indians visited the cabins of the Pilgrims. Then the red men sang, danced, and ran races with the little children. The Pilgrim fathers with their guns, and the Indians with their bows and arrows, had shooting contests.

For three days the feasting and the fun lasted. Then the Indians thought it was time for them to go home. When they were leaving, the Pilgrims said, "We shall have a Thanksgiving Day every year and you must join us in our thanks."

The Indians promised to come. Then, in the friendliest way, they left and followed the trail home through the forest.

Never did the Pilgrims forget that first Thanksgiving Day. Each year afterwards they set aside one day for thanks. And ever since that far off time, the American people have had a Thanksgiving Day every year.

Questions to Answer

Answer from the story :

1. For many years the Pilgrims and the Indians were good friends. Read sentences in the story which tell kind things the Pilgrims did for the red men.
2. How did the Indians express their feelings to the Pilgrims?
3. Read lines in the story which show that the Indians liked the white children.
4. What food had the Pilgrims prepared?
5. What holiday that we have each year was first kept by the Pilgrims?
6. In what month does this holiday come?

Think and answer :

1. At the Thanksgiving feast, what food do you think the Indians tasted for the first time?
2. Why weren't the Pilgrims afraid of the Indians?



The Story of Milk

If a bottle of milk could talk, it would tell an interesting story about itself. It takes a long ride before it gets to your home. Read this story about its journey from the farm to your bowl of oatmeal.

Early in the morning, before wake-up time in your home, it is milking time on the farm. In a big barn the cows stand ready to give the milk to the farmer who comes with his pails. Soon the pails are full of white, foamy milk. This the farmer pours into large cans. He is careful to have his barn, as well as his pails and cans, very, very clean.

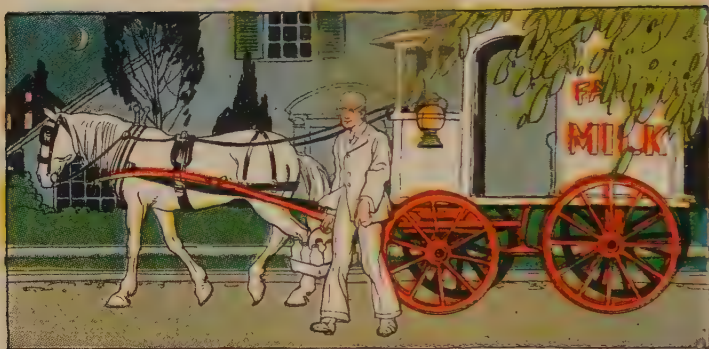
Then begins the journey of the milk from the farm to the people. In his wagon the farmer takes the cans to the railroad station nearest his home. He puts the cans on the milk train which brings them to a station in the city.

When the train reaches the station in the city, large wagons are waiting to take the cans of milk to the city dairy.

As soon as the cans reach the dairy, the milk is heated. Then it is cooled quickly. This is done to keep the milk pure. After it has been heated and cooled, it is put into bottles.

Some of the bottles hold a pint of milk. Some hold two pints, or a quart. The bottled milk is now ready for the milkman to take to your home.

The milkman, as well as the farmer, must rise early in the morning for his work. Long before you are awake, the wheels of his milk wagon come rolling and



his horse's hoofs come clattering down the street. As soon as he has left milk for you, he is on his way to another customer.

The next time you drink a glass of milk, think about the long ride it took before it came to you. Remember that milk is the best food for boys and girls. Drink at least one glass of milk every day.

Read. Then Answer

Read these five paragraphs. Each tells something about the journey of milk from the farm to your home.

1. Early in the morning the milkman brings the milk to your home.

2. Large wagons meet the milk train when it arrives at the railroad station in the city.

3. In the city dairy the milk is first heated, then cooled to purify it and make it last longer. When it is cool again, it is put into pint and quart bottles.

4. The farmer puts into large cans the fresh milk that the cows have given. These cans of milk he takes to the railroad station nearest his farm. He puts the cans on the milk train.

5. The milk train brings the cans of milk from the station in the country to the station in the city.

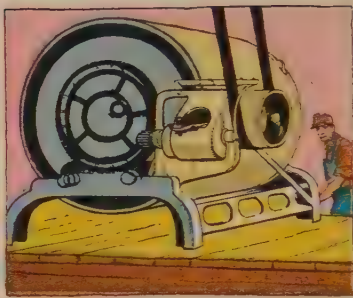
Which paragraph tells about the first step of the journey?

Which tells about the second step?

Which tells about the third?

Which tells what happens next?

Which tells what happens last?



Making Butter

I

The best part of the milk is called cream. Butter is made from the cream.

In the pictures you see two ways of making butter. Picture 1 shows the old-fashioned way. Dash, dash, dash! Up and down goes the dasher in the churn. Soon the cream is turned into buttermilk with lumps of butter floating in it.

Picture 2 shows how most of the butter is made now. You see that a machine does the churning. It takes less time to make butter this way than in the old-fashioned way.

There is a fable told about two frogs that went out for a walk one morning.

They came to a pan of cream. Both jumped upon the edge of the pan to see what was in it. The next moment they fell into the cream.

One of the frogs said, "Surely, this is not water. How can we swim in such stuff? It is of no use to try." And he sank.

The other frog struggled and tried to swim. He pushed his legs out in all directions, just as though he were swimming. Whenever he felt himself going down, he tried harder than ever to keep afloat. For a long time he struggled and struggled in this way.

Then a strange thing happened. All at once he found himself standing quite safe on a pat of butter, which he had churned!



Something to Do

If you follow these directions carefully, you can make butter at home.

Get some cream, put it into a glass jar, and put the lid on the jar. Be sure to have the lid on tight so that the cream cannot spill out. Shake the jar, dashing the cream up and down.

In place of the cream you will soon have buttermilk with lumps of butter floating in it. With a spoon lift these lumps out and press them together. Then wash all the buttermilk out of the butter.

As soon as you have added some salt, your butter will be ready for you to eat with your bread.



Maple Sugar Time

“Time to tap the trees. I’m sure the sap will run to-day,” called out Father.

No need to tell the children to hurry. Every boy and girl who lives where there are sugar maple trees, loves to hear these words. What a scurry for hats, scarfs, coats, mittens, and rubbers! For a sugar day means a ride to the woods on a bobsled and a merry time out of doors.

Father bores a small hole in each tree a short distance from the ground. Into the hole he slips a little spout. This part of the work is called tapping the trees.

On each spout Father hangs a small bucket. Soon the sparkling juice, clear as water, begins to trickle into the bucket. With joy the children listen for the drip, drip, drip. They know Father will let them put their lips to the spout and catch a sip of the first sweet sap of spring.

The next day the buckets are full. Going from tree to tree, Father and his helpers gather the sap. This they put into large pails or a barrel which the men take to the sugar house. The sap is then poured into a large iron pan placed over a brick furnace.

Father starts a fire under the pan as soon as there is enough sap in it. In a little while the sweet juice is boiling and bubbling merrily. The children watch and wait as the golden brown bubbles fill the pan. How good it all looks! How delicious it smells! But the children must wait until the maple sirup comes.



After it has boiled and bubbled long enough, Father opens one end of the pan. Out comes delicious maple sirup.

Some of the sirup is boiled longer to make maple sugar. Just at the right time, Father pours the hot sirup into large pans, in which are small molds. These pans he sets out in the snow. As soon as they are cool, out of the molds come little cakes of maple sugar. You may have seen maple sugar in this form at candy shops and at other stores.

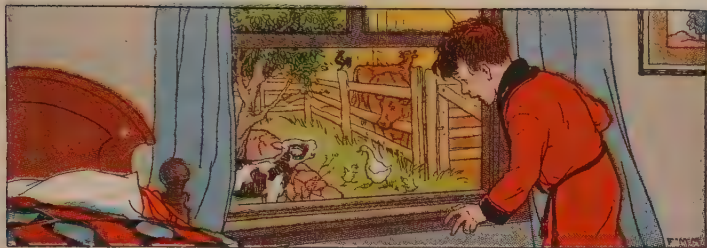


Something to Make

Father lets the children make a maple candy which the shops do not sell.

The children get bowls of clean snow. They pour into the snow hot maple sirup, stirring it all the while. When the sirup is cool, it becomes maple wax. How the children enjoy this treat!

You can make this kind of candy. All you need is hot maple sirup and a bowl of clean snow.



How Tom Earned His Calf

Tom had come with his father and mother to spend a month on his grandfather's farm.

Strange sounds met his ears on the first morning. The roosters waked him. From the edge of the woods a crow was calling. Somewhere near the barn a cow was mooing at the top of her voice.

Close under the window Tom heard another noise which he could not quite make out. He got up. Then he saw on the other side of the orchard wall a young calf. It was tied to a stake which was driven into the ground. Every time the cow mooed, the calf answered.

Tom hurried down to see his grandfather feed the farm animals.

"Why does the cow keep making such a noise?" asked Tom.

"I've just taken her calf away, Tom. We must teach the calf to drink milk out of a pail," his grandfather answered.

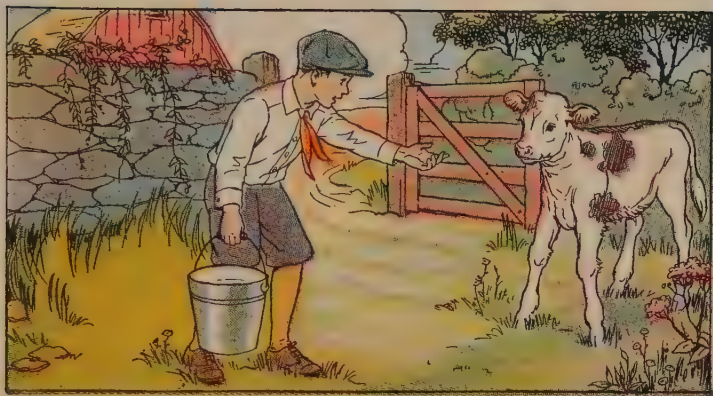
"May I do it?" asked the lad.

Tom's two cousins, George and Frank, who were busy milking, laughed. They knew how hard a job Tom was asking for.

Grandfather smiled. "I'm afraid you wouldn't find it easy or pleasant at first, Tom. It takes a great deal of patience."

"I'd like to try, Grandfather," said Tom. "Do let me."

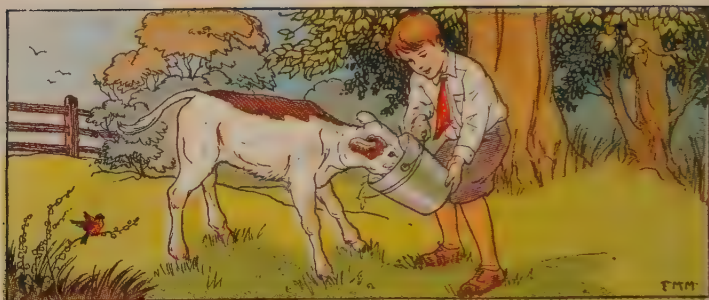
"Well," said the old man, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will give that calf to you for your own if you can teach her to drink. But you must not beat her and you must not lose your temper."



Tom rushed into the house and asked his grandmother to tell him what to do.

The next morning he got a milk pail. He put two quarts of milk into it and started for the barnyard. He planned first to get the calf into the orchard. So he set the pail down and called, "So, Boss! Here, Boss!" But the calf didn't move.

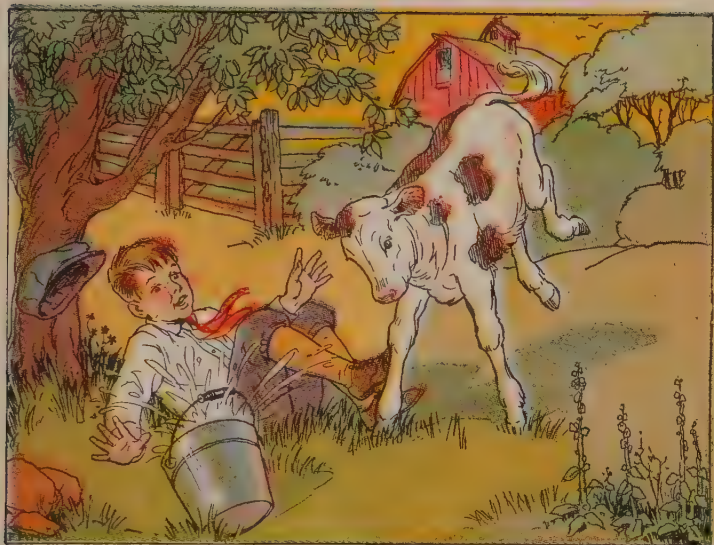
Tom crept nearer. His grandmother had told him not to be afraid, for a calf is a timid little creature that will not bite. And it cannot hook because it has no horns.



When Tom was within reach, he put the milk under the calf's nose. Then he dipped his finger into the milk and placed his finger in the calf's mouth. He was half afraid that she would bite.

But the calf didn't bite. For a moment she did nothing but hold Tom's finger. She stood with her feet spread wide apart. Her tail was out straight. Suddenly with a glad leap, she thrust her head down into the pail.

The head came out white to the eyes with milk. Then looking into Tom's face, she gave a big "Whoo-sh!" He was spattered with milk from head to foot.



He set the pail down and wiped the milk out of his eyes. Hearing a low laugh, he looked around and saw that Grandmother, Grandfather, George, and Frank were watching him.

He dipped his finger again into the milk and held it toward the calf. Up went her hind legs and down went her head against Tom. She knocked him flat on his back with the milk pail on top of him.



When the lad went back to the house, his grandfather said, "Well, my boy, are you going to give it up?"

"No, sir," said Tom. "I came after some more milk."

It took a long time for Tom to earn that calf. It cost him much hard work, too. One day the calf stepped into the pail. All the milk went splashing over Tom's feet and legs.

Sometimes the calf would slap him across the face with her tail. At other times she would run round him two or three times until the rope bound both of them to the iron stake. Once she tried to swallow his hand. Then one day she began to drink as soon as Tom put the pail under her nose. There was no more trouble after that.

Tom told his grandfather that the calf had learned to drink milk out of a pail. The old gentleman said, "Well, my boy, you've earned your calf."

EDWARD W. FRENTZ (*adapted*)

Questions to Answer

1. What bargain with his grandfather did Tom make?
2. Why did his cousins laugh when they heard about the bargain?
3. How did this lad win his calf?
4. What shows that Tom had patience?
5. Why did Grandfather think that Tom had earned his calf?



Taxis

Ho, for taxis green or blue,
Hi, for taxis red,
They roll along the Avenue
Like spools of colored thread.

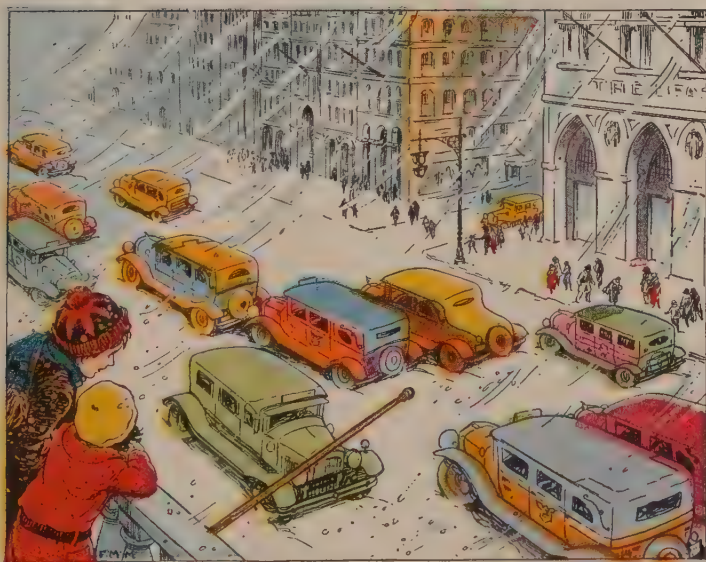
Jack-o'-lantern yellow,
Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
Ever grew in June.

Gayly striped or checked in squares,
Wheels that twinkle bright,
Don't you think that taxis make
A very pleasant sight?

Taxis shining in the rain,
Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun,
Waiting in a row.

Ho, for taxis green or blue,
Hi, for taxis red,
They roll along the Avenue
Like spools of colored thread.

RACHEL FIELD



Ways to Travel

In our country we travel in many different ways. For short distances we use the automobile, the street car, or the bicycle.

For long distances on land, we ride on the train. When we take a long trip on the water, we go by ship. If we wish to travel very fast, we may fly through the air in an airplane.

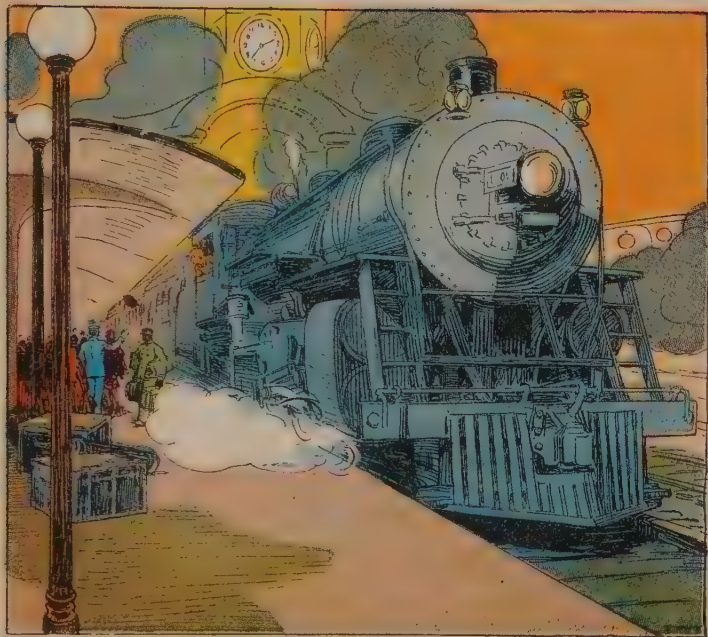
The pictures show how we ride when we take long trips.

1. On Land: The Train

In the picture you see a train in the station. It is ready to start on its trip from one city to another.

The engineer is looking out of the cab. He is waiting for a signal from the conductor. It will mean, "All aboard. Everything is ready. Go!"

As soon as the engineer gets the signal, he turns on the steam, rings the bell, and



blows the whistle. The steam starts the machinery which drives the big wheels along the tracks.

Every passenger must buy a ticket. Soon after the train starts, the conductor comes through the cars. The passengers give him their tickets. He lets each passenger ride just as long as his ticket says he may.

2. On Water: The Ship

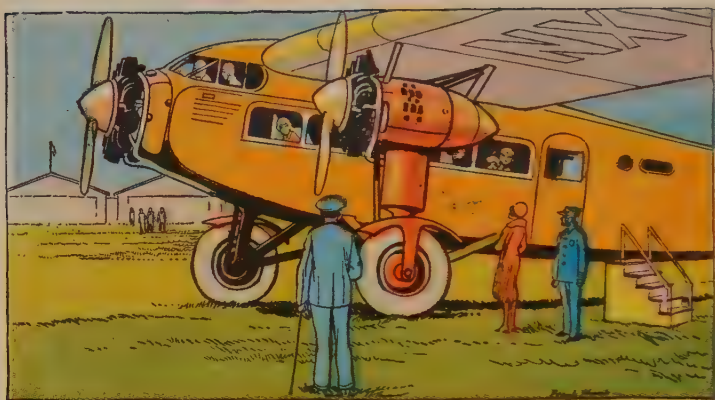
In this picture you see a big ship at the dock. It is ready to start on its trip far across the sea. This ship is taking passengers from America to Europe.

Before the ship can start, the engineer must have the engines ready. Steam makes the engines of this boat go. The boilers under the engines are filled with water. The engineer and his helpers keep fires burning under the boilers, because fire under the water makes the steam which drives the big vessel.

The engineer waits for the signal from the captain. It means, "All aboard. Everything is ready. Go."

As soon as the captain gives the signal, the engineer turns on the steam. The sailors pull on deck the big ropes which hold the ship to the dock. The bell rings, the whistle blows, and the ship begins to move smoothly over the waters.



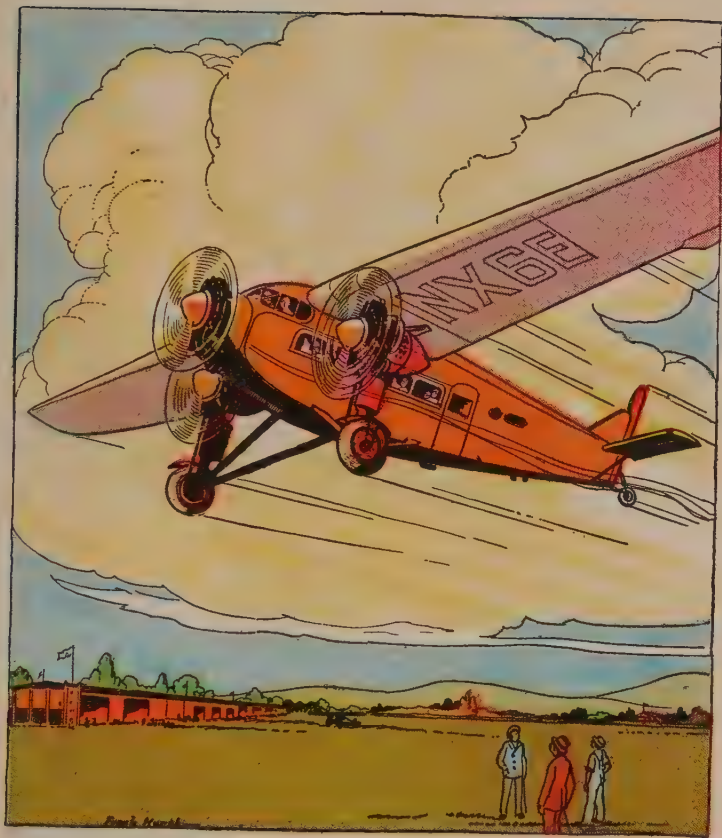


3. In the Air: The Airplane

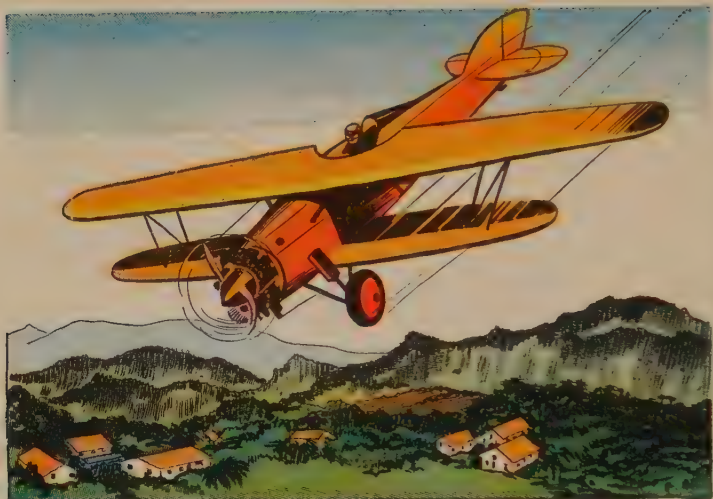
This picture shows a passenger airplane in an aviation field. It is ready to start on a long trip.

The two pilots, or aviators, sit in the front cabin. The passengers sit in a larger cabin behind the pilots.

Notice the propeller on the front of the airplane. A helper turns it and calls out, "Contact." One of the pilots answers, "Contact." Then he turns on the gasoline. That starts the motor.



Faster and faster goes the propeller as the airplane moves along the ground. Then it sails up into the air and is off on its journey.



The Airplane ¹

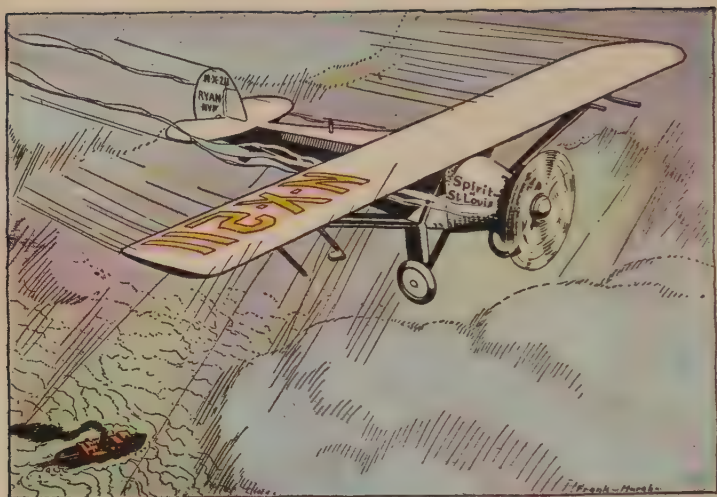
I like to see the airplane and hear the
 buzzing sound,
And see it settle like a bird quite safely
 on the ground ;
I like to see it spread its wings just like
 a butterfly —
You'd think perhaps 'twould find a star
 to light on in the sky.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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Something to Guess

1. When I hear the signal, "All aboard," I start the train. Who am I?
2. When I know all is ready on the boat, I give the signal to start. Who am I?
3. I fill the boiler of the engine. When I am hot, I turn to steam. What am I?
4. They put me under the boiler of the engine to make the water hot. I turn the water into steam. What am I?
5. On the front of the airplane you see me turning round and round. I drive the airplane through the air. What am I?
6. I am the place where the train stops for passengers. What is my name?
7. I am the place where the boat stops for passengers. What is my name?
8. I am the place where the airplane stops for passengers. What is my name?
9. I am on the front of the engine. At night they light me. Then I show the engineer the tracks far ahead. What am I?



A Wonderful Ride

Here is a picture of the airplane in which Charles Lindbergh took a wonderful ride across the sea. He flew all alone.

The journey was both hard and dangerous. All went well until he reached great storm clouds. When he tried to fly through them, sleet formed on his airplane. He had to fly around the clouds. Often he had to sail above them. But still he kept on.

At one time during the journey, he dropped down and flew just above the water. For a long distance he sailed in this way. On, on he went until he arrived in a country called France.

The people in France knew that he was coming. Many were gathered in a large aviation field to see him land. Sometimes they thought they saw his airplane over them.

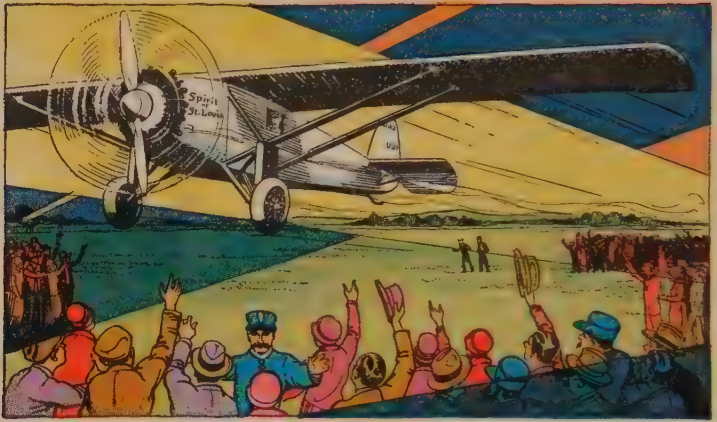
“Here he comes,” they called out.
“I see him!”

Then looking again, they said, “No, that is not his airplane.”

After waiting for a long time, they were sure they saw his airplane over their city.

“There he is!” they shouted. “I see him! Yes, yes! That is his airplane now! There is Charles Lindbergh. He has come to us from America.”

They were right. It was Lindbergh, the young aviator from America.



With cheers of welcome, they greeted this brave American. They knew he had flown on and on in the face of great danger. People called Charles Lindbergh "The Lone Eagle." Can you tell why?

In the picture you see the cabin in which the aviator sits. Where is the propeller? Where is the nose of the airplane? Where is the body? Where are the wings? Where is the tail? Do you think that an airplane looks somewhat like a butterfly?

Travel Words

How many of these travel words do you know?

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 1. conductor | 11. cab |
| 2. gasoline | 12. contact |
| 3. station | 13. pilot |
| 4. cabin | 14. garage |
| 5. captain | 15. dock |
| 6. all aboard | 16. propeller |
| 7. sailor | 17. gasoline tank |
| 8. steam | 18. aviation field |
| 9. passenger | 19. engineer |
| 10. aviator | 20. headlight |

Make four columns on paper. At the head of each, write a different one of these travel words :

automobile train ship airplane

In each column copy the words you need to know if you travel in that way. Perhaps you will put some words in more than one column.

King Lion and the Rabbit

The lion is a strong fellow, but he is not always as wise as he is strong.

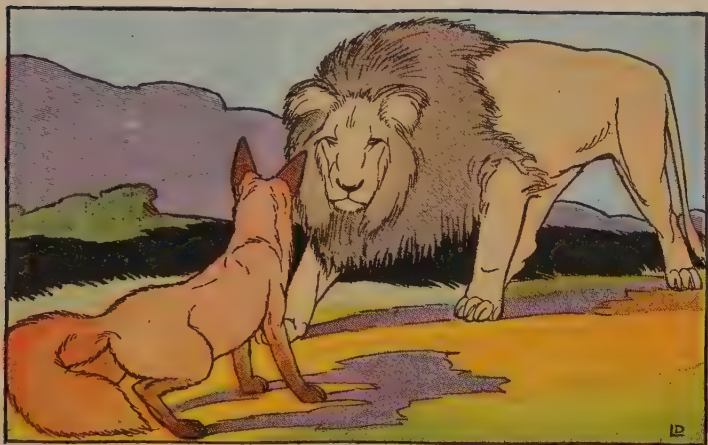
Here is a story of what happened one day when a rabbit went to the lion's den.

There was once a lion called Tawny Mane, who ruled over the forest. He was so strong and so cruel that all the other animals lived in fear. No one was safe when Tawny Mane was hungry.

One day the fox called a meeting of all the animals who were in danger of their lives. He wanted to find a plan which might help them.

The animals came to the meeting. After a long talk over their troubles, they decided what to do. In the evening, they started off together to the lion's den.

Tawny Mane was resting in the shade after a good dinner.



“What do you want here?” he roared in a voice that frightened away many of the animals which had come. “Be quick. Tell me what you want!”

The Fox stepped forward.

“O King Tawny Mane,” he said, “we have come to speak about something that troubles us greatly. If you keep on doing as you are doing now, you will soon kill every beast in the forest.”

“That does not trouble me,” said Tawny Mane.

Then the fox asked, "What will become of you then? Do you wish to be a king without any subjects?"

"But I must have food," roared the king again.

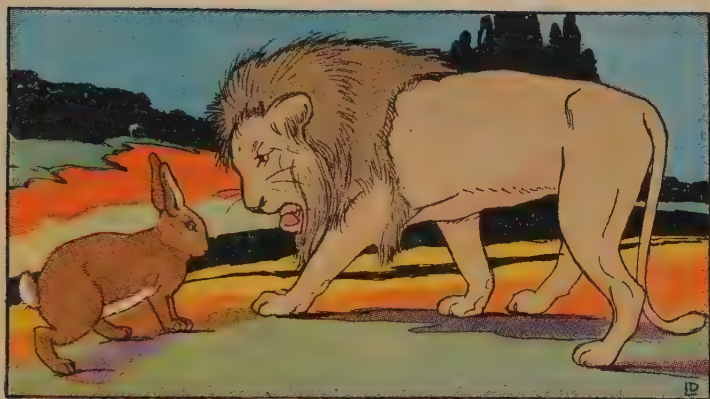
"Yes," said the fox, "you must have something to eat. That is just why we are here. We have come to talk about a plan by which you will have all the food you want."

"Tell me your plan," said the lion.

"Every day we will draw lots among ourselves. The animal thus chosen will come to your den. You see you will never have to hunt for food again."

"I am willing to try your plan," said the lion. "Begin to-morrow."

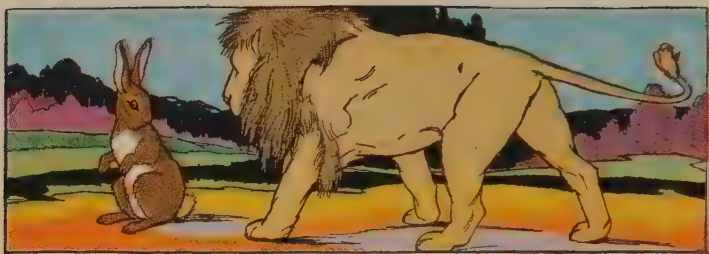
All went well for a time. Every morning the lion found a good dinner waiting for him. The only one not pleased with the plan was the animal chosen for the lion's feast.



One day the lot fell upon the rabbit. Slowly the little fellow made his way toward the lion's den. He was in no hurry, for he was thinking as he went along, of a plan to escape the lion.

When the rabbit reached the den, King Tawny Mane, who was very hungry, called out, "Why have you kept me waiting for my dinner?"

"I know I have kept you waiting, O King Tawny Mane," said the rabbit. "But if you could see what I saw on the way here, you would not blame me."



“What did you see?” asked the lion in surprise.

“I saw something that may drive you from your throne,” replied the rabbit.

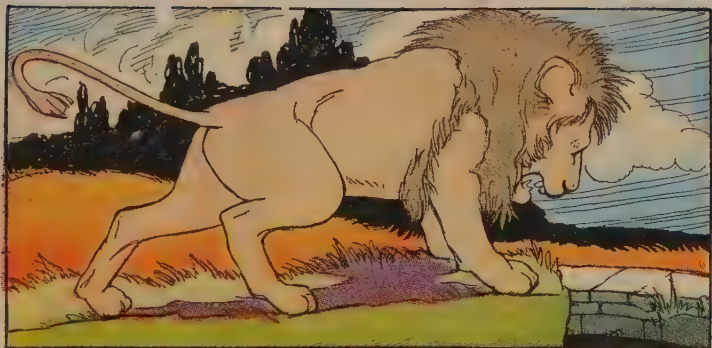
“Speak out and tell me what you saw,” growled the lion, in a rage.

“I can not tell you,” said the rabbit. “You must come with me and see for yourself.”

“Very well,” said the lion.

The rabbit hopped along, and the lion followed him until they came to an old well. At the bottom of the well there was water, and below the water lay mud and soft sand.

“Look down in that well,” said the rabbit.



King Tawny Mane looked down into the water. There in the well he thought he saw another lion.

King Tawny Mane showed his teeth and growled. The other lion showed his teeth and looked angry.

“You shall know that I am king here!” roared Tawny Mane. Down he jumped into the well to fight—nothing but his shadow!

And that was the end of Tawny Mane, for he could not get out.

Since that time the animals there have never had another king.

The Elephant and the Monkey

One morning while an elephant was taking his bath, he spied some fruit. It was growing on a tree near the water's edge. Stretching his trunk to the lofty branch, the elephant picked the sweetest piece of fruit. But he dropped it as he curled his trunk to put the dainty bit into his mouth.

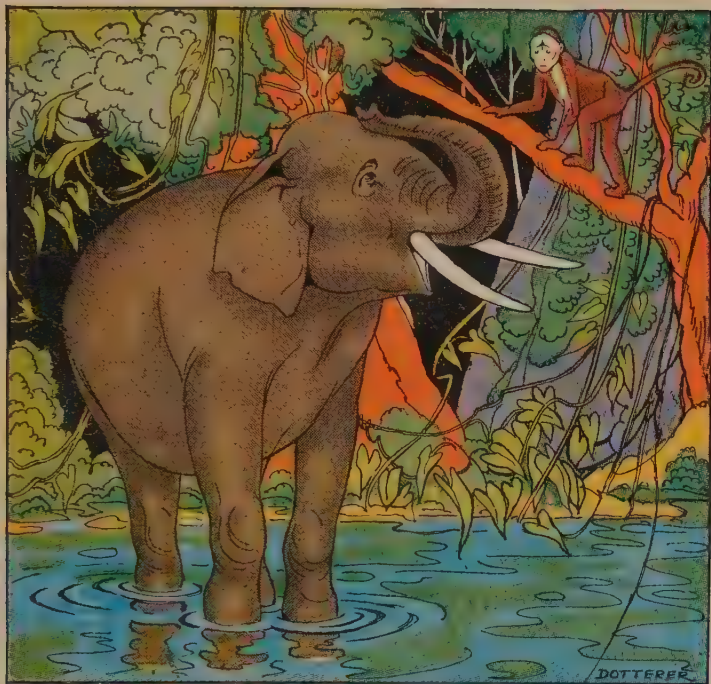
How angry that elephant was! He kicked and splashed about to find the lost fruit, but he could not see it.

A monkey on the river bank saw what happened. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "You'll never get the fruit in that way."

"Why not?" asked the elephant.

"When you kick and splash about, you do nothing but muddy the water," answered the monkey.

"What should I do?" asked the elephant, still in a rage.



“Don’t lose your temper,” said the monkey. “Stand still and quiet yourself.”

The elephant stood still. In a little while the water was clear. There, at the bottom of the river, lay the piece of fruit. How easy it was then for the elephant to get it!



The Pretending Woodchuck

Are you sure you know your right hand from your left hand? Read this story about a little woodchuck that pretended he knew his left hand from his right.

Mother and Father Woodchuck and their children lived in a hollow log. It was part of an old fence which ran between the cornfield and the garden.

This log home had two doors ; one was the right-hand door and one was the left-hand door.

In summer the garden was fine. All Mr. and Mrs. Woodchuck had to do to reach the garden was to walk through the hollow log until they came to the left-hand door. There they were right among the vegetables.

When fall came, the garden was dried up ; but the corn was ripe. Then, all Father and Mother Woodchuck had to do to reach the cornfield was to go down the log to the right-hand door and go out. It was but a little way through the cornfield to the barn and then to the corncrib. That was where the corn was kept.

One day in the fall, Mr. Woodchuck was sick. Mrs. Woodchuck was kept busy taking care of him. Saturday came and there was little food in the house. Someone had to go to market.

The older children were at work. There was no one to go but Monax. So Mother Woodchuck made up her mind to send him.



Monax had never been out in the world alone. He had been to the two doors and had looked out. One day he went with his mother through the garden as far as the garage. Another day he went with her almost as far as the dog kennel. She had often told him about men and dogs. For a long time he had known about corncribs and gardens.

Monax was a bright young woodchuck. But there was one thing he could not learn. He could never tell which was his right hand and which was his left.



Mother Woodchuck told Monax how to reach the market.

“Go out at the right-hand door. Mind what I say, the right-hand door,” she began. “Keep on until you come to the maple tree. It is by the edge of the corn-field. There you will see two men. Don’t be afraid of them. They are only scare-crows. Even if one has a gun, it won’t hurt you. It is made of wood.”

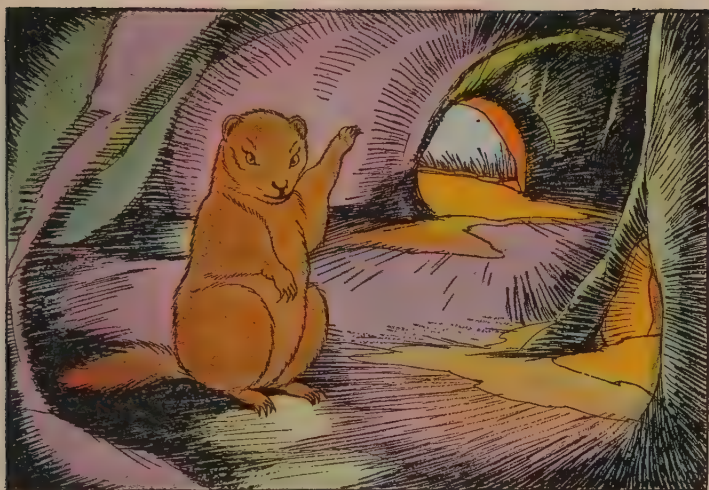
Monax seemed to be listening.

Mrs. Woodchuck went on, “Turn to the right, always to the right. You will see the barn. Go in and look around there. Keep away from the horses. If you find a basket of corn on the floor, help yourself and come home.”

Mother Woodchuck stopped for a minute. Then she said, "Monax, your father thinks it is not safe to send you. He says you do not know your right hand from your left. Let me be sure again that you do. Hold up your right hand."

Monax held up one hand. He didn't know in the least which one it was, but he happened to hold up the right one.

"Good," said Mother Woodchuck. Then she went on with her directions. "If you don't find corn in the barn, go on a little farther. Just to the right of the barn, is the corncrib. Climb up in the old wagon-box that is near. Then jump right from it into the crib. That is where your father and I get all the food for the family. I shan't worry about you. There are no dogs where you are going. They live in a kennel near the garage, on the garden side. Don't mind the scare-crows. They won't hurt you."



Monax started to market. Down the hollow log he went. All the time he was trying to make up his mind which was the right-hand door and which was the left-hand door. He had to be sure before he reached the first one.

He stopped and held up one hand ; then he held up the other. They looked just alike. He struck one of them against the wall. Then he struck the other against the wall. They felt just alike.



He came to the first door. All of a sudden he was sure he knew which was his right hand. So he sprang out into the garden and straight across it to a tree, growing near the edge.

Monax looked around for the men. If they were near the tree, he would know he was right. And there they were walking about and talking to each other. He had never heard about talking scarecrows. But he was sure there must be such things.

At the tree he made another turn.

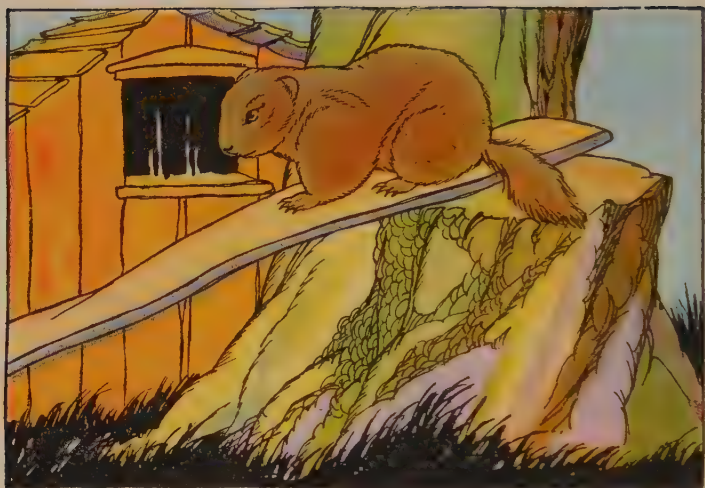
"How sure I am about my right hand now," thought Monax.

There, just as his mother had said, was the barn.

Monax went into the barn. He looked for the horses; not one was there. Something smelled like gasoline. He glanced about for the supply of corn. All he saw was some rags lying on top of a big red tank. Where horses ought to have been, was an automobile.

It was of no use to look for corn there. So Monax moved on. He made another turn. There, just as his mother had said, was the corncrib. He had never seen one before. It looked to him more like a dog kennel than a corncrib.

The old wagon-box was not there. At the back of what Monax thought was a corncrib, was a board. It was tacked up from the crib to the tree.



Monax climbed upon the board. From it he jumped quickly through a little window, just under the roof.

Then things began to happen. For Monax had done just what his father had said Monax would do. He had turned to the left every time, instead of to the right. He had chosen the left door of the house, instead of the right. He had gone through the garden instead of the cornfield, had seen two men with guns instead of two

scarecrows, and had gone into the garage instead of the barn. Now he had jumped into the dog kennel and onto the dog instead of into the corncrib.

Monax didn't have much time to think. He bounced off the top of the dog like a rubber ball. Up he went, back through the window, onto the board, and down to the ground. The dog sped after him.

Away went Monax, past the garage, and past the men. Bang! He felt the shot go by him. Like a flash went that little woodchuck. On he sped through the garden. He was sure now it had never been a cornfield. One more dash brought him to the left door of his home and then into his father's room.

"Oh, Monax, did you turn to the right?" asked his mother. She saw that he was trembling.

"I did, Mother, — on the way back!" stammered Monax.

Yes — No

1. Was King Lion afraid of his own shadow?

2. Does the rabbit ever do a clever thing?

3. Should boys and girls know their right hands from their left hands?

4. Is an Indian baby called a papoose?

5. Is it easy to teach a calf to drink milk from a milk pail?

6. Can children learn to make butter at home?

7. Does the maple sap run from the maple trees in the fall?

8. Should we be afraid of our own shadows?

9. Is butter made out of maple sirup?

10. Do we get maple sap from sugar maple trees?

11. Can children drink out of the Big Dipper?

12. Can you sing an Indian lullaby?

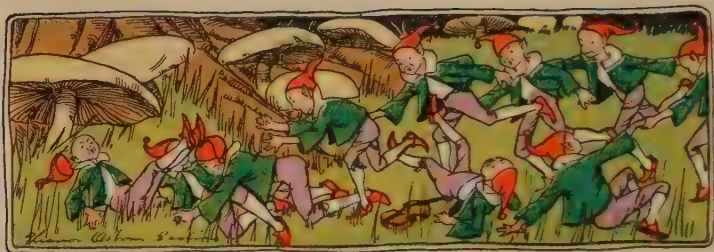


Twinkling Feet's Laugh

On Halloween children play jokes on one another. Sometimes they tell stories about witches and elves. Here is a Halloween story which children like to tell. Read it.

1. Twinkling Feet's Joke

One Halloween some merry elves were dancing round and round a bright green ring in a meadow. In the middle of the ring stood the little fiddler. He was playing the music and keeping time with his head and one tiny foot. The faster he played his fiddle, the swifter the little creatures danced.

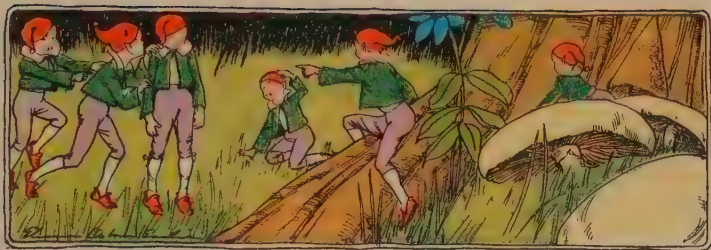


The best dancer in the ring was Twinkling Feet. He could twist and twirl in the funniest ways! He made the other elves shake with laughter.

Suddenly Twinkling Feet thought it would be fun to play a joke on his companions.

“I’ll trip my partner,” he laughed to himself. “Down he will go and down will go all the others in the ring.”

Trip! Down went Twinkling Feet and his partner, dragging with them one elf after another until all in the ring were sprawling on the grass. There they lay, a mass of green coats and red caps. It was some time before they could pick themselves up.



“Who tripped first in the ring?” asked one elf, as soon as he was on his feet.

“Who dragged us all down?” asked another.

“Who spoiled our Halloween dance?” called out a third.

“Twinkling Feet and I fell first,” said Twinkling Feet’s partner. “I don’t know what made us trip. Do you, Twinkling Feet?”

Twinkling Feet’s little brown face looked very queer.

“Why, what *is* the matter with you, Twinkling Feet?” his partner asked.

“I don’t know,” whispered Twinkling Feet. He felt very uneasy.

"Oh, do look at him," cried out several elves at the same time.

"Does anything hurt you?" asked his partner. He was sure the little fellow was in pain, for he was trembling.

"I feel queer. Please ask the fiddler if he knows what is the matter with me," answered Twinkling Feet.

The little fiddler stepped up and looked at Twinkling Feet for a few moments. Then the fiddler shook his head and said slowly, "A terrible thing has happened. Twinkling Feet has lost his laugh!"

"Lost his laugh!" cried the others.

"He has lost his laugh!" said the fiddler again.

"Lost my laugh!" cried Twinkling Feet. "Oh, please tell me what I can do!"

"There is nothing to do but go and search for it. You cannot dance in our ring without your laugh. And you must find it before midnight!"



“ But if I don’t find it! ” cried Twinkling Feet.

“ Then you will be an elf without a laugh,” said Little Fiddler.

“ An elf without a laugh! How terrible! ” said all the others.

“ Go and search for it, Twinkling Feet,” whispered his partner. “ You may find it before midnight. Start now.”

“ Where shall I go, Little Fiddler? ” asked Twinkling Feet.

“ Ask Jack-o’-Lantern,” said the fiddler. “ He may tell you. He has been flitting about in the meadow all the evening. See, there he goes beyond the brook.”

Away went Twinkling Feet as fast as his legs would carry him.



2. Twinkling Feet and Jack-o'-Lantern

It was no easy matter to get close enough to Jack-o'-Lantern to make him hear. Twinkling Feet called to him again and again. But Jack-o'-Lantern did not hear the elf's call. Twinkling Feet was almost ready to give up the chase, when the little man stopped, put his head out of his lantern, and called, "Do you wish to speak to me?"

“Don’t you know me?” cried the elf.
“I’m Twinkling Feet.”

“Twinkling Feet! You’re the queerest looking elf I ever saw.”

“I’ve lost my laugh. Please tell me, Jack-o’-Lantern, have you seen it?”

“Lost your laugh!” said the lantern man. “No wonder I didn’t know you. I’m very sorry to say I’ve seen nothing of it, Twinkling Feet.”

“Oh, dear! I must find it before midnight.”

“Well, let me see. You might ask Jolly Little Witch. Her eyes are sharp enough to find anything. She’s over in the meadow now, looking for a good riding-stick. As soon as she finds a riding-stick, I’m going to light her to the village, where she will make plenty of fun at the children’s party. It’s Halloween, you know. Come, jump into my lantern and I’ll take you to her.”

3. Twinkling Feet and Jolly Little Witch

Jolly Little Witch saw Jack-o'-Lantern's light coming.

"Ha, ha!" she called out. "You're just in time, Jack-o'-Lantern. Look! I've found a good riding-stick; but, dear me, I've lost my goggles. I can't go to the village without them. Come, perhaps you can help me to find them. Why, who is that in the lantern with you?"

"An elf who wishes your help," answered Jack-o'-Lantern, opening the door to let Twinkling Feet out.

Then Jack-o'-Lantern closed the door and hurried away to search for the witch's goggles.

"Please, Jolly Little Witch," said Twinkling Feet, "I've lost my laugh. Have you seen it?"

"And on Halloween! No, my little fellow, I'm sorry to say I have not seen your laugh," said Jolly Little Witch.



“But an elf can’t dance without his laugh,” said Twinkling Feet, shaking his head.

“No, of course he can’t,” said the little witch.

“And I must find my laugh before midnight or give it up forever,” said the elf.

“I can’t help you to-night. You see, I always spend Halloween in the village with the children. I shall be late if I don’t find my goggles.” And again she began to search for them.

Twinkling Feet looked at the little witch. Then he asked, "Do the children laugh a good deal on Halloween?"

"More than at any other time of the year, my little man. To-night there is to be a witches' party. I shall go among them and play all kinds of tricks, but they won't see me. I wish I could find my goggles!" said Jolly Little Witch.

"I'll help you search for them," said the elf. "Please tell me what they look like."

"They are two little round glasses like windows. I wear them over my eyes when I take a ride through the air," said the little witch.

Away started Twinkling Feet in search of the lost goggles. He looked in the grass and under the flowers and leaves, but he could see nothing that looked like two little round windows.

"Perhaps one cannot find anything that



is lost on Halloween,” thought the elf. Slowly he walked back to the place where he had left Jolly Little Witch. “Tell me more about your goggles,” said Twinkling Feet. “Are they like the two glass windows across the front of your hat?”

“Across the front of my hat! What do you mean?” exclaimed the witch.

She put her hands up to find out what the little elf meant. Then she burst out laughing.

“ Well, well! Here are my goggles. I remember now that I pushed them up across the top of my hat. What strange things do happen on Halloween! Come, Jack-o’-Lantern,” she called.

A light flitted across the meadow. In a moment Jack-o’-Lantern was beside Jolly Little Witch.

“ The elf has found my goggles. They were on the front of my hat all the time. Twinkling Feet must go to the village to-night and see the children’s fun. Take him with you, Jack-o’-Lantern.”

“ I will, indeed,” said Jack-o’-Lantern. “ While you are playing tricks at the children’s party, I’ll take him wherever he wishes to go. Come, Twinkling Feet,” he called out. “ Jump in. It’s a long time until midnight.”

“ I want to see the children, and hear them laugh,” said Twinkling Feet, as he hopped into the lantern.



4. Back to the Dancers' Ring

Jolly Little Witch pulled her goggles down on her nose, and jumped upon her riding-stick. Then away the three sailed through the air.

When they came near the village, they heard the sound of children's voices.

"Meet me here before the party is over, Jack-o'-Lantern. I must leave before the children find out who I am. Let Twinkling Feet see the fun the children will have to-night." Away went Jolly Little Witch



up the village street where she met a group of boys and girls on their way to the party. The sound of laughter greeted Twinkling Feet's ears. He slipped out of the lantern and rushed toward the children as fast as he could go.

Then a queer thing happened. A tiny creature came bouncing up to him. It was turning somersaults faster than any one could count. When it reached Twinkling Feet, it climbed up the elf's little body and went right into his mouth.



Twinkling Feet burst out laughing and ran back to Jack-o'-Lantern, calling out, "I've found it! I've found my laugh! Oh, how happy I am! Please take me back to the dancers' ring, Jack-o'-Lantern. I've found my laugh! I've found my laugh!"

He hopped once more into the lantern and over the fields they flew. As they drew near the ring, he saw the elves still dancing.

"I've found my laugh! I've found my laugh!" called out Twinkling Feet, gayly.

"Welcome back, Twinkling Feet. Welcome back to the ring," shouted all the little dancers.

He hopped out of the lantern and joined the others in the ring.

When they stopped dancing for a while, the little fiddler stepped up to Twinkling Feet and whispered, "While you are dancing, always watch your laugh carefully. Never do anything that will make you lose it, Twinkling Feet."

ELEANOR L. SKINNER

Choose

1. Twinkling Feet tripped his partner in the ring because

Twinkling Feet was a polite little elf
he wanted to be brave

he wanted to play a joke

2. Jack-o'-Lantern did not know Twinkling Feet because

Twinkling Feet had on a red cap
and green coat

Jack-o'-Lantern had never before seen
the elf

the elf had lost his laugh

3. Twinkling Feet found the witch's goggles
 across the top of her hat
 in the grass
 in the lantern
4. They took Twinkling Feet to the village
 to see the children's fun because
 he had found the goggles
 he had lost his laugh
 queer things happen on Halloween
5. As Twinkling Feet ran toward the children of the village, he saw a tiny creature bouncing toward him. Soon the elf burst out laughing because
 it turned somersaults
 it went right into his mouth
 it climbed up the elf's body
6. The dancers let Twinkling Feet join them again in the ring because
 it was Halloween
 he was polite
 he had found his laugh

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

I. The Magic Mirror

Once there was a fair and good queen who had a little daughter. Her skin was as white as snow and her cheeks as red as blood. Her mother called the little princess Snow White.

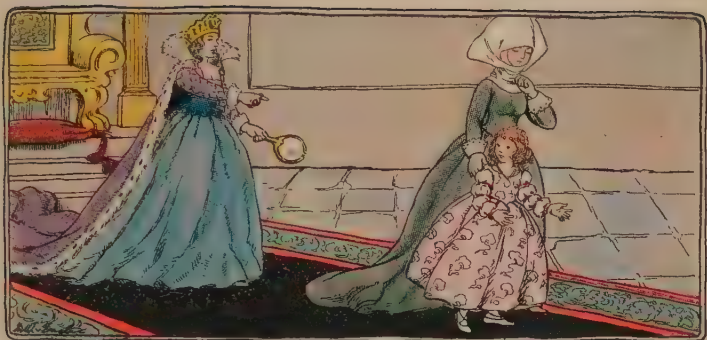
While Snow White was still a little girl, her mother, the good queen, died and another queen came to take her place.

The new queen was fair and beautiful, but she was proud and vain. When she came to the castle, she brought with her a magic mirror. Every day she would stand before it and say,

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

And the mirror answered,

“Lady queen, so grand and tall,
You are fairest of them all.”



This answer always made the queen happy, for she believed that the mirror told the truth.

The queen did not see that Snow White grew fairer every day. A time came when the little princess was more beautiful than the vain queen herself.

One day when the queen questioned her mirror, it answered,

“Lady Queen, I tell you true,
Snow White is more fair than you.”

How angry the queen was! She gave orders that Snow White should be sent away from the castle.

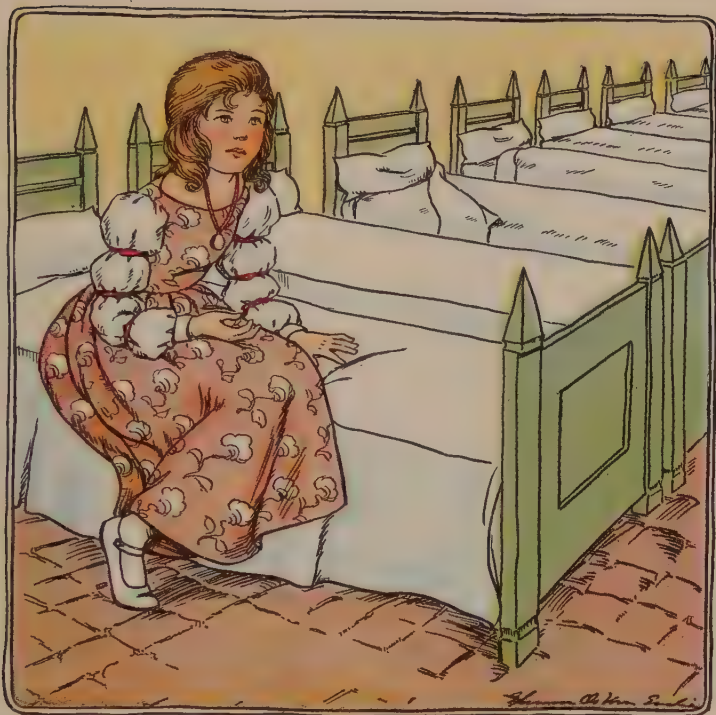
2. The Cottage in the Forest

The next morning one of the queen's huntsmen took Snow White into a deep forest. There he left her. He knew she could not find her way back home.

When Snow White found she was alone, she began to wander through the forest. The poor child did not know what else to do. Toward evening she came to a queer little house and went into it to rest herself.

Everything in that house was very small, but as pretty and clean as could be. There stood a little table laid ready for supper. On it were seven little plates, each little plate with its own little spoon. There were seven little knives and forks, and seven little cups. Round the walls stood seven little beds, each covered with a sheet as white as snow.

Snow White was glad to see food, for she was hungry. She ate a bit from each plate and drank a sip from each cup.



Then she lay down on one of the beds. But she could not make herself comfortable. It was too hard. She tried the others in turn. One was too short, another was too long. At last she fell asleep on the seventh bed.

3. The Seven Dwarfs

When it was quite dark, the masters of the house came home. They were seven dwarfs who dug all day for gold in the mines. Each carried a lantern and a pickax, and each had a heavy sack on his shoulders.

As soon as they came into the house, the dwarfs lighted their lanterns and looked around the room. They soon saw that someone had been there.

The first dwarf said, "Who has been sitting on my little chair?" The next said, "Who has been eating from my little plate?" The third said, "Who has been tasting my food?" The fourth said, "Who has been using my little spoon?" The next said, "Who has been using my little fork?" The sixth one said, "Who has been cutting with my little knife?" The last one said, "Who has been drinking from my little cup?"



Then the first dwarf looked at his bed and said, "Who has been lying on my bed?" Hearing this, the other dwarfs ran to their beds. Each in turn held his lantern high as he called out, "Who has been lying on my bed?"

When the last dwarf came to his bed, he whispered, "Come, come!" The others ran to him, holding their lanterns high above their heads. The light fell upon Snow White.

“What a lovely child!” they all whispered. “Let us not wake her.”

So those kind little people let Snow White sleep on in the little bed. The seventh dwarf slept for a short time in each of the other beds.

In the morning Snow White woke up. When she saw the seven little men, she was frightened. But they spoke kindly to her and asked her name.

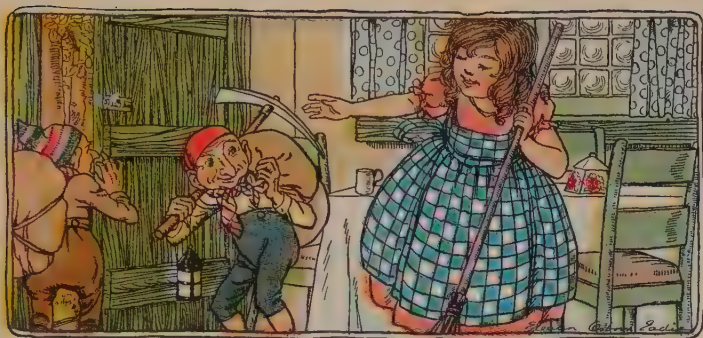
“I am Snow White,” she said.

“Why did you come to our cottage?” they asked.

Then Snow White told them her sad story. The dwarfs looked at one another, for they were sorry for her. They talked together for a while, nodding their queer little heads.

At last one of them asked, “Will you stay and keep house for us?”

“Yes, yes,” said Snow White. “I shall be glad to do all you ask.”

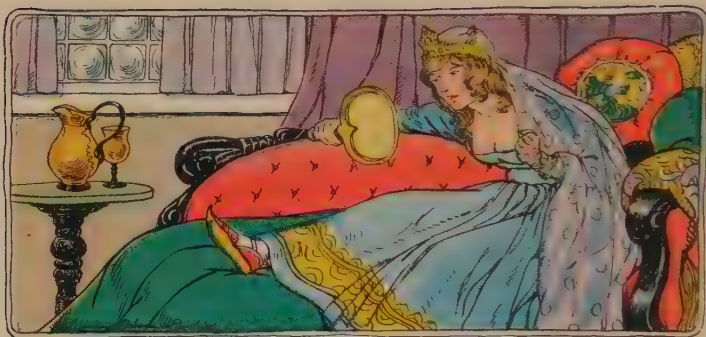


So Snow White made her home with the dwarfs.

Every morning the dwarfs went to dig for gold. Then Snow White put the little house in order. When the little masters came home each night, Snow White had a nice supper ready for them.

The dwarfs feared that the wicked queen might come when they were away. So they said to Snow White, "The queen may find out where you are. Bar the door, Snow White. Do not lift the latch when we are not here."

And Snow White promised to obey them.



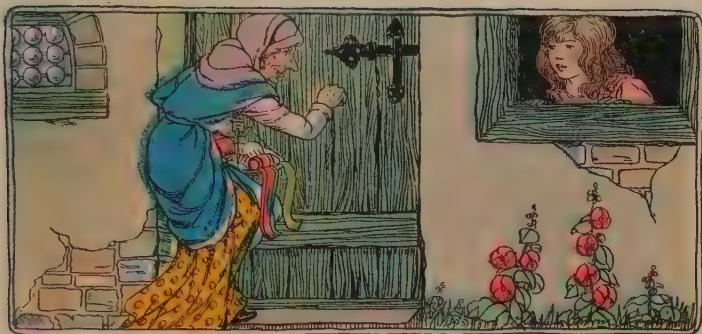
4. A Strange Visitor

“Snow White is dead,” thought the queen, “and I am now the fairest in the land.”

But one day, when she questioned her mirror, it answered,

“Lady Queen, so grand and tall,
Here you’re fairest of them all.
But in the forest, with seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snow White, fairer a hundredfold.”

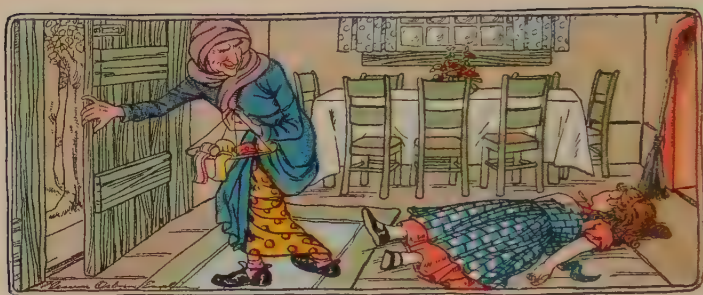
How angry the queen was! She made up her mind to kill Snow White if she were still alive.



She dressed herself like an old peddler woman with laces and ribbons to sell.

One morning when Snow White was alone, someone rapped at the door and called out,

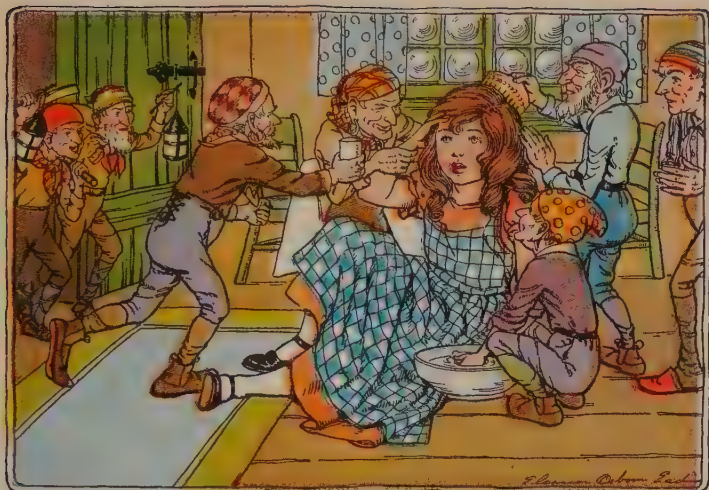
“ Here are ribbons and laces
And needles and braces,
A feather as white as foam ;
A chain and a locket,
A purse for your pocket
And, oh, what a beautiful comb!
That comb!
Just see what a beautiful comb ! ”



Snow White peeked out of the window. She saw a strange woman outside, with a tray of pretty things to sell.

“See!” said the woman, holding up a comb. “You should have this for your beautiful hair.”

Snow White looked at the comb and wished it were hers. Then she made up her mind to buy it. So she lifted the latch and let the peddler woman in. When the stranger placed the comb in Snow White’s hair, the child fell down in a faint. She did not move or speak. The wicked queen went off in great joy for she believed that Snow White was dead.



When the dwarfs came home, they found Snow White in a deep sleep from which they could not wake her. They rubbed her hands and bathed her face and head. As they did so, they discovered the comb in her hair. They pulled the comb out and Snow White began to breathe again. Soon the little girl was as lively as before.

They said they would never leave her alone again. But Snow White promised once more to do as she was told.

5. The Old Apple Woman

When the queen reached her castle she questioned her mirror. But it answered again,

“Lady Queen, so grand and tall,
Here you’re fairest of them all.
But in the forest, with seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snow White, fairer a hundredfold.”

This answer made the queen so angry that she said, “What! Snow White still lives! She shall not live another day.”

The wicked woman made herself look like a farmer’s wife. With a basket of apples on her arm, she hastened once more to the home of the dwarfs.

At the sound of her knock, Snow White peeked out of the window. She saw the old woman and her basket of fine apples.

“You must go away,” said Snow White.
“The dwarfs have told me not to lift the latch when they are not here.”



“ Must I take back my beautiful apples? ” asked the old woman. “ I only want to be rid of them.”

“ No,” said Snow White, “ I dare not take them.”

“ Are you afraid? Look here. I will cut an apple in two. I’ll eat the white half, and you may eat the rosy half. I’m sure you will like it.”



Snow White longed for the apple ; so she stretched out her hand and took the rosy half. Alas, no sooner had she tasted a bite of it, than she fell to the floor in another long sleep. Snow White had eaten the poisoned half of the apple.

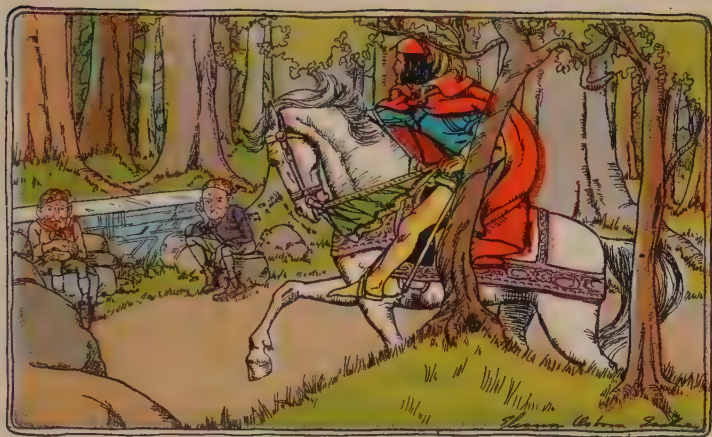
The wicked queen fled back to the castle. Then she asked her mirror,

“ Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is fairest of them all ? ”

The mirror answered,

“ You are fairest of them all . ”

So the queen was happy, for she was sure that Snow White was asleep forever.



6. The Coming of the Prince

In the forest the dwarfs made a bed for Snow White. It was of soft moss, green leaves, and purple violets. There in a crystal chest they laid their little friend. For a long time the dwarfs guarded Snow White, two keeping watch at a time.

At last a Prince rode into the forest where Snow White lay. He came upon the dwarfs sitting quietly together. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the Prince in wonder.

Then the dwarfs told him Snow White's story. The Prince drew near and looked at her lying so still.

"How beautiful she is!" he said.

"She was as good as she was beautiful," replied the dwarfs.

"Let me take this princess. I will give you all the gold I have," begged the Prince.

"No, no, we can not part with our Snow White — not for all the gold in the world," answered the dwarfs.

"Then give her to me," said the Prince. "Give her to me to love and care for always. She shall be my bride."

Feeling sorry for the Prince, the dwarfs let him take Snow White away. He stooped down to lift her up. As he did so, the bit of poisoned apple fell out of Snow White's mouth. In a moment she opened her eyes, sat up, and looked around.

"Where am I?" she asked in wonder. "And where are my little friends?"

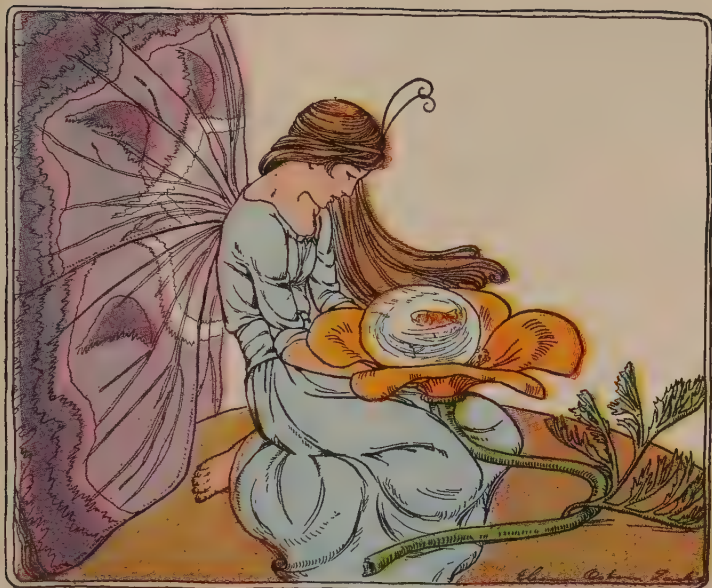
“ They are here,” said the Prince. “ You are with me, and I love you, Snow White. Will you come to my father’s castle and be my bride? ”

So Snow White went home with the prince ; and there was a happy wedding at the castle. You may be sure Snow White did not forget to invite her seven little friends to the wedding feast.



Questions to Answer

1. Why was Snow White left in the forest?
2. Tell about the house which she found there.
3. How did she know anyone lived there?
4. Why did Snow White decide to live with the dwarfs?
5. What, besides a pickax, did each dwarf carry to the mines?
6. How did they show that they were happy to have her?
7. What work did she do for them?
8. What caused all her trouble while she was there?
9. What did the dwarfs do when they thought she was dead?
10. What happiness came at last to this little princess?
11. How did she show her friendship for the dwarfs after she had left them?



A Fairy Went a-Marketing

A Fairy went a-marketing —

She bought a little fish ;

She put it in a crystal bowl

Upon a golden dish.

An hour she sat in wonderment

And watched its silver gleam,

And then she gently took it up

And slipped it in a stream.



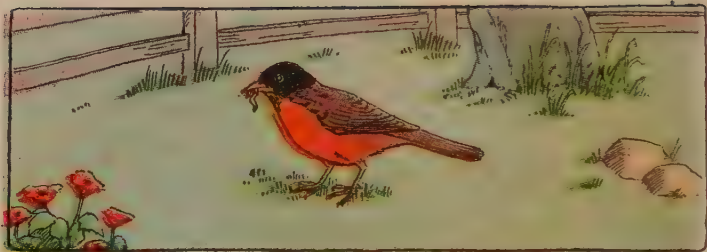
A Fairy went a-marketing —
She bought a colored bird ;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.
She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.

A Fairy went a-marketing —
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.
She wore it all the afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A Fairy went a-marketing —
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.

ROSE FYLEMAN





Some of Our Birds

I. The Robin

The robin is one of the first birds that you see in the spring. Before the leaves are out, you can hear his sweet call. He seems to be saying, "Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer-up."

You will know him by his black head, his brown wings and back, and his rusty red breast.

He is a friendly bird. You may see him any morning hopping about your yard. He likes to build his nest near people's homes.

Robin eats insects and worms. He finds insects on plants and trees. Some

of these insects injure our trees. The robin helps to protect our trees by destroying many of these harmful insects.

He finds worms in the ground early in the morning. Did you ever watch him catch a worm? He runs a few steps. Then he stops, listens, and looks around. In a little while he runs a few more steps. Again he stops, listens, and looks around.

Suddenly, down goes his bill into the ground. He has caught a worm. With his sharp bill he gives a big tug. Sometimes he gets the worm with the first pull. If he does not, he pulls and pulls until the worm lets go. Then away flies the happy bird with his feast.

Robin is fond of fruit. He likes ripe cherries best and helps himself to the fruit wherever he finds it. People who have cherry trees often think the robin a nuisance. Don't you think he earns the cherries that he eats?

Find the Right Words

Read words from the list below which tell

1. the colors of the robin.
2. where he likes to build his nest.
3. the fruit he likes best to eat.
4. where he finds a breakfast of worms.
5. where he finds insects to eat.
6. how he pulls a worm out of the ground.
7. what he does to help protect our trees.
8. what his call sounds like

ripe cherries
rusty red breast
on plants and trees
cheer-up, cheer-up
with his sharp bill
brown wings and back
in the ground
eats insects that harm trees
near people's homes



2. The Blue Jay

“Jay, jay, jay!” That is the call of the blue jay.

He is a handsome fellow in his blue coat with its white and black stripes. There are feathers that stand up on his head. They form his crown. How proud he is of his gay colors!

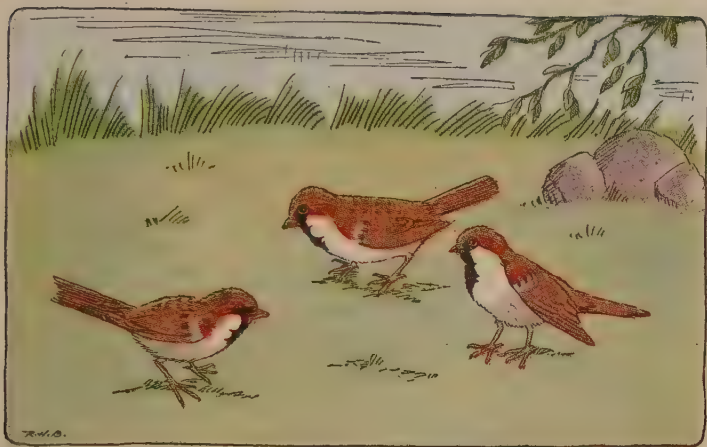
In spring and summer the blue jay eats insects and caterpillars. When fall comes, he finds plenty of corn in the fields and nuts in the woods.

Some of the nuts he saves for winter. He usually chooses a hollow tree for his cupboard. Often he hides chestnuts and acorns in the ground. When the winter days come and food is scarce, he is always sure of a good meal.

He sings a sweet song to Mrs. Blue Jay. It is very different from the screeches and shrill calls with which he often fills the woods and meadows.

This noisy bird is full of fun. He can mimic the songs of other birds. While he is making his screeches and calls, he often moves his head and wings about in a very comical way. That is why some people say the blue jay is a clown.

Every lover of the blue jay knows that he has many faults. Some people think he has a bad temper. But he is one of our bird helpers. He eats insects that harm our trees and plants. That is the way he helps us to take care of them



3. The English Sparrow

Every boy and girl knows the English sparrow.

Many people call him the merry little brownie. Although he looks like a brown bird, his breast is gray and the sides of his neck are white.

Where you see one English sparrow, you will see many. They fly in flocks. Sometimes hundreds roost at night in the same tree. Then what a noisy meeting they have!



English sparrows like the seeds of wheat, oats, and rye to eat. They are not so fond of insects as the robins and blue jays are. That is why these sparrows are of little use to the farmer. He calls them a nuisance.

How the English sparrow loves a fight! When he can find no other bird to fight with, he fights with one of his own flock. Many of our song birds are afraid of this little bully. They think he is a most unpleasant neighbor.



4. The Crow

“Caw, caw, caw!” That is the crow.

You can tell him by his coat of black. He is black all over. His feathers are black, his eyes are black, and his bill is black. Even his feet are black.

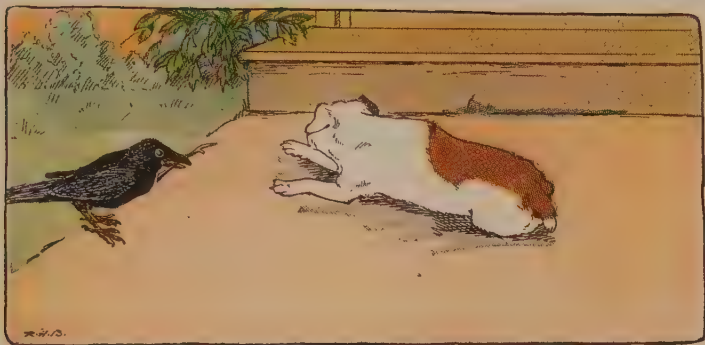
Crows build rather large ragged nests. Early in spring you often see a pair of crows hunting dried sticks, dried leaves, or other old things which they can use for nest building. They like best a place at the top of a leafless tree for their home. Here they can raise their family in safety.

The farmer does not like the crow. He says this sly fellow steals his corn. But people who know about the crow think that he earns the corn to which he helps himself.

The farmer's real enemies are grubs which stay in the ground. In time, these grubs turn into insects. It is these insects that kill the farmer's grain. In the spring when the farmer plows the ground, he turns up many grubs. The busy crow eats them as he follows the plow. In this way he helps to save all kinds of grain for the farmer.

There are many stories which show that a crow is easily tamed. He is full of mischief, but he makes a good pet.

One story tells about a dog and a crow that grew up together in the same house. The dog liked to run after sticks and stones which his little master would throw away. These the dog would pick up and bring back.



One day the crow watched the fun for a while. Then he thought he would like to play with the dog. The bird waited until he saw the dog asleep. Finding a small stick, the crow stepped up to the dog and laid the stick near him. Then the bird gave the dog a nip. When the dog awoke, the crow took the stick in his bill. Off he went with it across the fields.

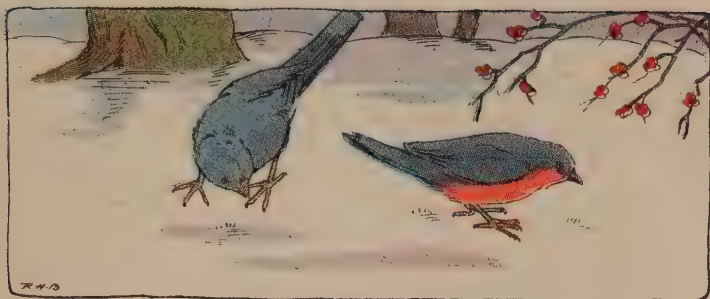
The dog chased after the crow. In this way they played until each grew tired. Then the dog lay down to rest on the doorstep and the crow went to sleep in a shed which stood near.

Find and Read

Here are parts of sentences. Put the right parts together by reading one of the groups of words in the lower list after the name of a bird in the upper list. You may be able to make more than one true statement about each bird.

1. The blue jay
2. The crow
3. The English sparrow

- a.* saves food for winter.
- b.* has a blue coat with black and white stripes.
- c.* builds its nest in a leafless tree.
- d.* likes the seeds of wheat, oats, and rye.
- e.* is full of mischief.
- f.* loves a fight.
- g.* eats caterpillars.
- h.* is of little use to the farmer.
- i.* eats insects that harm the farmer's grain.



5. The Bluebird

All birds can find plenty of food in summer. But when the cold days come it is hard for some of them to get enough to eat.

These little feathered friends seem to know when winter is at hand. Many of them fly away to places where food is plentiful. When spring comes, we are on the watch for their return.

The first bird to come back is the bluebird. He is a small bird, not so large as a robin. All the feathers on his back and wings are blue. Those on his breast are a rusty brown, the color of the earth.



The bluebird is a sweet singer. In soft notes he sings to Mrs. Bluebird. He seems to say, "Sur-e-ty, pur-i-ty."

Bluebirds are home birds. They like to build their nests in open fields and about our yards and gardens. Here they seem to feel safe from their enemies. The red squirrel's taste for bluebird eggs makes it hard for these little songsters to raise their children in the woods.

Many bird lovers say that the bluebird is a perfect bird. He has no faults. He destroys harmful insects all summer long. He never touches our berries and cherries. And he does not litter our porch with mud and straw, as some other birds do. Softly as a shadow he flies about, singing his lovely songs.

Choose

1. We look for the bluebird to come back
in the spring
in the fall
in the winter
in the summer
2. The bluebird has a coat that is
blue with black and white stripes
black as black can be
blue with rusty brown breast
3. The bluebird builds his nest
in a meadow
near our homes
at the top of a leafless tree
in a hole in the telephone pole
4. The bluebird helps us because he eats
our cherries and berries
insects that are harmful
5. We like the bluebird because he is
an unpleasant neighbor
one of our songsters
a little bully



Bird Toes

No bird has as many toes as you have. Some have two and some have three ; but most birds have four. Three of the four toes point forward and one points backward. The toes of all birds have sharp claws.

There are different kinds of feet among birds. A bird whose toes open and close easily can use its foot like a hand to clasp a pole or a branch. A branch or pole on which a bird stands is a perch. The robin, blue jay, crow, woodpecker, black-bird, sparrow, and eagle can clasp a pole with their feet. We say they perch.



The toes of some birds help them to get food. Did you ever watch a hen hunting for something to eat? She goes about scratching seeds and insects out of the ground. Bob White, too, uses his feet in this way.

Other birds have feet with webs of skin between the toes. We call feet of this kind webbed feet. All birds with webbed feet can swim easily. They use their feet as paddles. The duck, the goose, and the swan have webbed feet. They are all fine swimmers.

You see that a bird's toes tell a good deal about its life.

Find and Read

Put the right parts of these sentences together. After each part in the first list read the part from the second list that finishes out a true statement.

1. The duck's feet
2. The hen uses her feet
3. The toes of all birds
4. The toes of the robin
5. Three of a bird's four toes
6. We call feet with a web of skin
between the toes
7. The webs of skin are
 - a. help it to perch.
 - b. webbed feet.
 - c. are good paddles.
 - d. have long sharp claws.
 - e. to scratch seeds and insects out of
the ground.
 - f. between the toes.
 - g. point forward.



Tree City

I know a little city on a green and sunny
hill,

Where a hundred tiny families have homes ;
Its byways are uncrowded, its leafy lanes
are still,

And there no noisy railroad ever comes.

The houses are high and airy ; they swing
and rock and sway

Whichever way the summer breezes blow ;
They have no doors or windows, no roofs to
blow away,

But leafy awnings shade the babes below.

The fathers and the mothers all earn their
daily bread

And bring it to the little ones who cry ;
They do not ride or motor, they do not
walk, — instead

They do the very latest thing, — they fly !

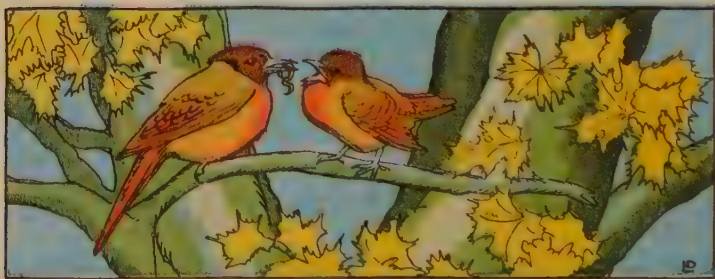
The happy little citizens who live so high
and free,

They sing and sing and sing the whole day
long.

For the peaceful, quiet city is a green and
lovely tree,

And the dwellers there are birds, — whose
life is song.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN





How to Protect the Birds

All birds need our help. There are many things that every boy and girl can do to protect these little friends.

Any one who makes a bird bath, a bird house, or a bird lunch counter adds to the safety and happiness of bird life.

I. A Bird Bath

The birds will welcome a place in your yard where they can find a drink.

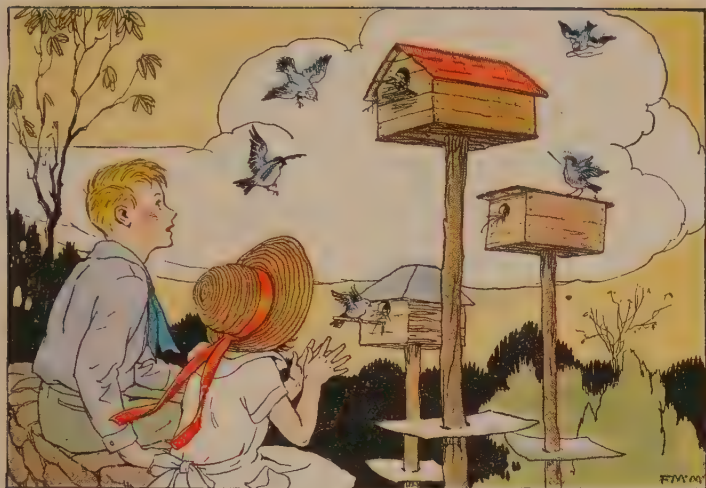
Put a pan or bowl where you can easily reach it. Keep it filled with fresh water every day. Birds love fresh water. Unless the pan is kept clean and neat, the birds will not use it much.



Watch the birds make their visit to the bath. Notice the time of day when they like best to come.

Some birds take their bath early in the morning. There are birds that want the whole bath for themselves. Others seem happy to share the water.

Keep your eyes open. Sharp eyes see interesting things every day at the bird bath.



2. A Bird House

No birds need your help more than the bluebirds. Every year it is harder for them to find good nesting places.

Make bluebird houses and place them about your yards, especially if you live in a large city or a town. In this way you can be of real help to these songsters. You bring them about your homes where you can see them and hear their sweet songs all summer long.

A nest box for bluebirds can be easily made. Take some old weathered boards. Nail them so that they make a box about eight inches long, four inches wide, and four inches deep. Near the top make a hole just large enough for a bluebird to go in and out.

Choose carefully the place to put the nesting box. It is not best to fasten it to a tree. Cats and red squirrels find a tree easy to climb.

The best place to put the bird house is on a porch post, about ten feet above the ground. A post in the open is also a safe place for the nesting box. If you can, stick the post through a sheet of tin. Push the tin down the post until the tin is about four feet from the ground. Your nest will then be safe from all enemies of the bluebird, particularly the cat.

Any boy or girl can make this kind of bird house for the bluebirds.

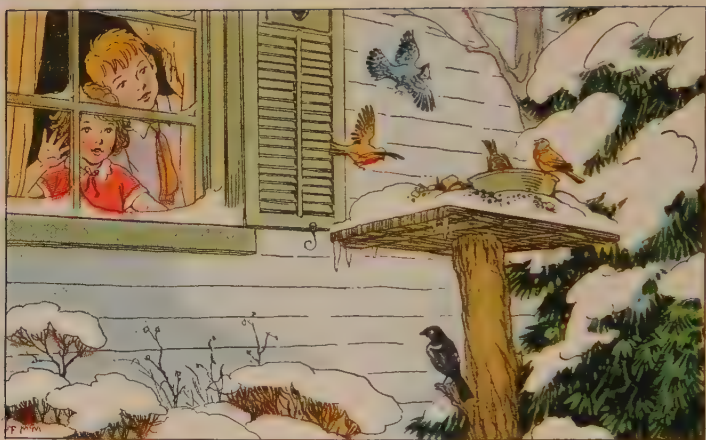


3. A Bird Lunch Counter

Some birds stay with us all winter. When the cold days come, they often suffer from hunger. That is the time when they most need our help.

A window sill can be easily turned into a lunch counter. Also, a small board, set flat on top of a post in the yard, makes a good feeding station. Both should be put out of the reach of cats and dogs.

Table scraps of meat, vegetables, bread, and many kinds of seeds will be welcomed by the birds. Chop the food fine and crush the seeds for the smallest birds.



Birds are particularly fond of raw suet. Fasten the suet on the lunch counter so that the birds can pick at it. Or chop the suet fine and scatter it on the shelf.

Get your lunch counter ready late in the fall. When the cold days come, you will be surprised to see how many daily visitors you will have. Sparrows, blue jays, woodpeckers, blackbirds, and crows are only a few of the birds that may need your help.

Do not forget that the birds need fresh water with their meals.



The Snowbird

When all the ground with snow is white
The merry snowbird comes,
And hops about with great delight
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat
A piece of cake or bread!
He wears no shoes upon his feet,
No hat upon his head!

But happiest is he, I know,
Because no cage with bars
Keeps him from walking in the snow
And printing it with stars.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Contents of Your Book

The names of stories and poems in this book are on pages 3 to 5. Across from each story and each poem is the number of the page on which the story or the poem is found. This plan helps you to find quickly anything in the book you wish to read.

Now turn to page 3. Notice the word CONTENTS. It is a short way of saying, "Here are the names of all the stories and poems in this book."

Find these in the CONTENTS:

The Lonesome Ducklings
How to Protect the Birds
Twinkling Feet's Laugh
The Hen and the Fox

Now find them in your book by turning to the right pages.

From the CONTENTS, find your favorite story.

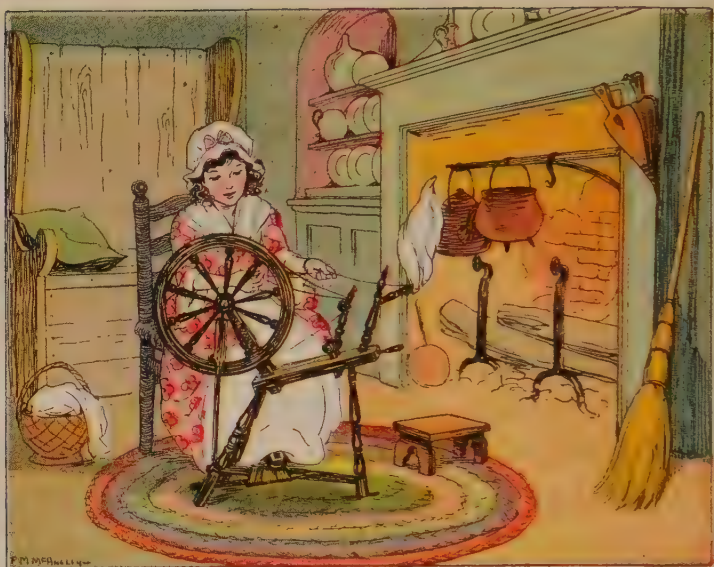
How to Make a Bird Book

Put together four pieces of paper of the same size. The pieces should be as long as you wish your book to be and twice as wide. Keep the edges even.

Fold the papers in half. With a strong thread, sew the pages together near the fold. You now have a book with a cover and six pages. Number the pages. On the front cover write the name of your book.

Put on each page a picture of a different kind of bird. Under the picture, write the bird's name. Then write a few statements about the bird and its habits.

Leave an empty page at the front of your book. When the other pages are full, write on the empty page the name of each bird. Across from each name, write the number of the page on which the story of that bird is found. These names with the page numbers will be the CONTENTS of your bird book.



Betty Brandon's Guests

Every one enjoys a surprise. Read about this pleasant surprise which came to a little girl. She stayed at home and let the rest of the family go to see the President.

Long ago on a farm in the South lived a little girl named Betty Brandon. Although Betty was only twelve years old, she had learned to be helpful in the home. She

could sew, spin, and scrub. Betty knew how to cook, too, and she liked to do this kind of work.

One morning Betty's father came back from the village.

"Good news! Good news!" he called out. "President Washington will come this way to-morrow. Every one in the village and on the farms around here will wish to see him and to do him honor."

Later in the day Betty's brother came home.

"To-morrow we boys are going to march in honor of our President, George Washington," he said.

"I should love to see our great President," said Mrs. Brandon, "but I can not leave. There is too much work to be done at home."

Betty thought for a moment. Then she said, "Go, Mother. Go with Father to-morrow. I can take care of the house."



The next morning Betty stood at the door and watched her mother and father drive away to the village. The little girl wished very much to go with them and see the president of her country!

But Betty had work to do and she was soon busy. As she cleaned, she thought about President Washington.

"I wonder what he looks like," said Betty to herself.

When she had finished her work indoors, Betty sat on the porch to sew. In a little while, she was surprised to hear the clatter of hoofs. She looked up and saw two men on horseback, riding up the road toward her home.

When they reached the porch, they stopped their horses, jumped to the ground, and walked toward Betty. They bowed low to the little girl and Betty bowed to them.

“Good morning, little maid,” said the taller man. “Will you give a breakfast to two tired travelers? We do not wish much to eat. Perhaps you have a cup of milk and a corn cake.”

Again Betty bowed to her guests. “I am the only one at home,” she said. “Mother, Father, and my brother have gone to the village to see President Washington. I can cook. I’ll do the best I can for you. Please be seated.”



“Thank you, little maid,” said the traveler. “And I promise that you shall see President Washington before any one else in your family sees him.”

In a little while Betty invited the guests to breakfast.

“Never have I had a better cup of milk,” said one of the men, when he had finished.

“Nor a more delicious corn cake,” said the other.

“Little maid, we thank you for your kindness,” said the taller traveler. “Now we must be on our way.”

And they started to go.



“When am I to see President Washington?” asked Betty, looking at the taller traveler.

With a kind smile he answered, “I am George Washington. When your mother and father and brother return, tell them that you saw George Washington before they did. Also, tell them that you served him an excellent breakfast.”

CAROLINE MAYS BREVARD (*adapted*)



A Kind Act

One day four horsemen were traveling on a country road. Part of the way led through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees.

As the men went along, they heard two small birds chirping pitifully. They had fallen out of the nest and were lying in the grass under a lofty tree.

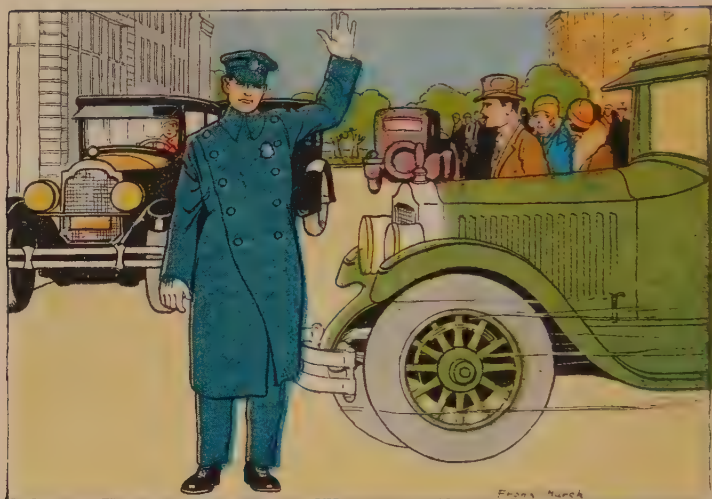
Three of the men rode on. One of them stopped his horse and jumped to the ground. He searched until he found the birds. Gently he took them in his hands. Then he looked for the nest. There it was overhead, high up in the tree.

He climbed the tree quickly and put the birds back in the nest. Down he came, jumped upon his horse, and galloped away to join his companions.

“Where have you been?” one of the horsemen asked him.

He told them what he had done. Then he added, “I could not have slept if I had left those birds out of the nest.”

This tender-hearted man was Abraham Lincoln. Afterwards he became the President of the United States.



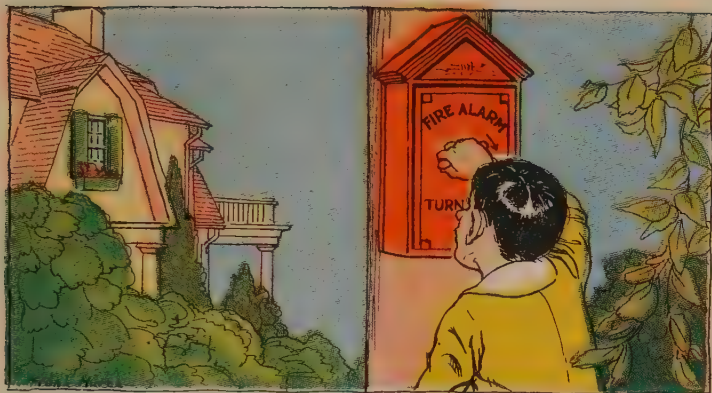
The Traffic Man¹

The traffic man stands in the square
And stops the autos that go by.
To him a king or millionaire
Is just the same as you or I.

He stops the traffic all the day
And has the very best of fun ;
I think he hates to go away
When his day's work is done.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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Safety First for Little Citizens

I

Every boy and girl should know how to report a fire. If you are near a telephone, call the operator. Tell her where the fire is. Give the street and number. The telephone operator will call the nearest fire station at once.

We can report a fire from the street. You know the red iron box, called the fire alarm box. It is fastened to a post at or near a street corner. To report a fire, open the box. Pull down the handle inside ;



then let it go. This calls the nearest fire station. Do not leave the alarm box until the firemen come. Then you can show them where the fire is.

In many buildings you see these words in red light letters: FIRE ESCAPE. They are near an iron stairway. In case of fire, go to the fire escape. Leave the building by going down the iron stairway.

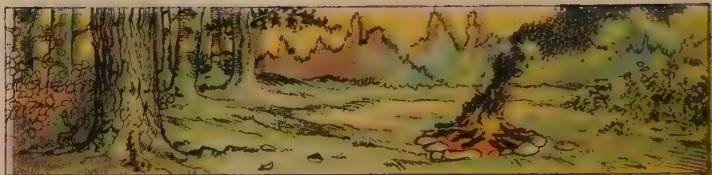
The word EXIT, too, shines out in red letters in many buildings. Exit is another way of saying *This way out*. If fire should break out, go to the nearest exit sign.

Your fire drills at school train you to leave the school building in the safest and quickest way.



II

Every little citizen can help to lessen danger from fire out of doors. Picnickers, and others who are careless about matches and camp fires, cause many fires. Where the grass and bushes are very dry, one spark is often enough to kindle a fire and set the woods ablaze.



Our country has a great many national parks covered with trees. There men, called forest rangers, are on watch at all times for fires. Signs like these are put up in places where every one can read them. They tell people of the danger to trees from matches and bonfires.

NOTICE

Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away.

NOTICE

Never build bonfires among the trees in windy weather.

NOTICE

Build a small camp fire. Build it in the open ; not against a tree, a bush, or a log. Take away all the trash around the fire.



Safety First for Your Dog

You know something about Safety First for boys and girls. Do you think about Safety First for your dog?

A child who is lost can go to the policeman for help. The policeman will ask the child his name and address.

A lost dog cannot help himself in this way. That is why every dog should wear a collar. On his collar should be his name and address.

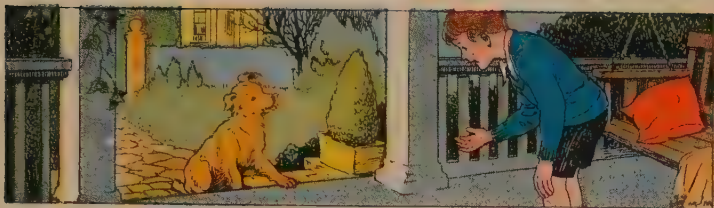
You must pay to keep your dog. Buy a license tag and fasten it to your dog's collar. On the tag is his number. The tag tells the policeman that you have paid to keep your dog.



If your dog is lost and has no tag, the dog catcher may take him to the dog pound. There he must stay until you come for him. You must have a license tag for your dog before you may take your dog home.

Some things to remember :

1. Buy a collar for your dog.
2. See that his name and address are on the collar.
3. Buy a license tag for him.
4. Fasten the license tag to his collar.
5. Remember the number on the tag.



Lemonade Sandy

Isn't Lemonade Sandy a funny name for a dog? When he first came to Kay Street, he had no name and no home. The children there called him Sandy because he was yellow. After a while they called him Lemonade Sandy.

In this story you will read why they gave him a longer name.

1. The Dog without a Home

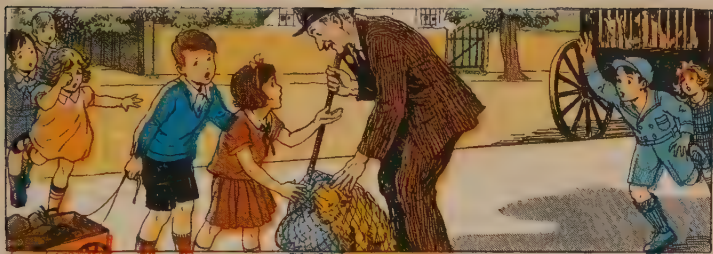
No one knew where Sandy came from. Don, a boy of the neighborhood, found him on the doorstep one morning. When Don came out, the dog wagged his stumpy tail and looked up. He seemed to say, "Good morning! This is a fine day. What shall we do?"

And all day long they played together, Don and the dog and the other children in the street. At noon the children gave the dog a bone with plenty of meat on it. He ate it quietly and thankfully, for he was very hungry.

He followed Don home that night. But he did not try to go into the house. Instead, he curled up under a bush by the back door and went to sleep.

The next morning, instead of being on Don's doorstep, he was on Lewis Norton's. And to Lewis, too, he seemed to say, "Good morning! This is a fine day. What shall we do?"

That is how Sandy came to Kay Street. Sometimes he stayed at one house and sometimes at another. But all day long he played with the children. Someone always fed him. In time everybody in the neighborhood grew to know and to like Sandy.



2. The Dog Catcher

One hot day a wagon came into the street. The wagon was painted black and it had iron bars across the back of it. Along the sidewalk went a man who carried a net at the end of a pole.

Sandy was sitting in front of Don's house. Don and the other children were playing under a tree in the yard. The next moment, Sandy found the net over his head and the man's hand on his ear. He gave a frightened yelp that made the children look up. Then they all started to run.

"What are you doing with Sandy?" they cried.

"I must take him away," the man said. "He hasn't any collar on. Nobody has paid his license."

"How much is it?" asked Lewis, with round, frightened eyes.

"Two dollars," answered the man. "It ought to have been paid on the first day of May, if you wanted to keep him. Is he your dog?"

"He is our dog," they all cried together.

Then Susie Harris called out, "May we keep him, if we pay?"

The man laughed. "Yes, I think so. Have you the money?"

"No," said Susie, "but I know how we can get it. Will you wait until next week?"

The man stopped to think for a moment. Then he said, "Yes, I'll wait a week. But you must promise to keep him tied up."

The children promised and the man drove away in the black wagon.

3. The Lemonade Stand

Then Susie told of her plan. "We will make lemonade and sell it from a little stand on the edge of the sidewalk," she said.

An hour later there was a little table in the front yard of Don's house. It was covered with a clean cloth. And on the cloth were clean glasses and a big pail of lemonade. Don was behind it, calling out, "Ice-cold lemonade here! Fresh lemonade! Five cents a glass!"

It was a hot, hot day. People passed by, mopping their faces and carrying their hats. Many stopped to buy a drink of the cold lemonade. In a little while, too, they heard the story of Sandy and that, perhaps, brought many other buyers.

The next day and the next it was the same. Before the end of the week, their money box beside the lemonade pail had in it nearly four dollars.

4. The License Tag

Then the happy boys and girls, with Sandy tugging at his rope, marched to the town hall. There they paid for Sandy's license.

After that they went to a store. They paid the rest of the money to a man who said, "Yes, I'll have it done to-day."

Now if you should see Sandy, you would find that, instead of a rope around his neck, there is a fine collar. On it is a shining brass plate that says

Lemonade Sandy
Kay Street



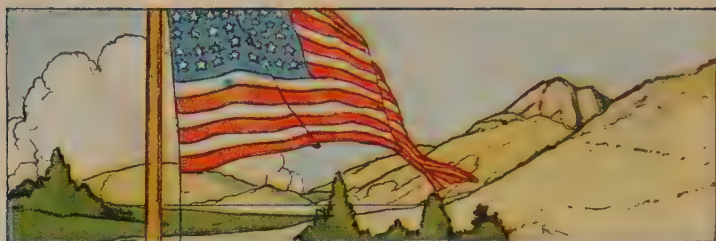
Questions to Answer

Answer from the story :

1. How did Sandy come to Kay Street?
2. To whom did he belong?
3. What did the man with the net and the pole tell the children?
4. How did the children earn the money to pay for Sandy's license and collar?
5. What did they do with the rest of their money?
6. What did they have put on the brass plate on Sandy's collar?

Think and answer :

1. Dogs usually belong to one person or family. Why did the children say, " He is our dog? "
2. Why did the man feel that he should take Sandy away from the children?
3. In what other ways might the children have earned money for Sandy's license collar?



Respect for Our Flag

There are many rules which help you to show respect for the flag. In time you may learn others, but here are a few which you can easily remember :

The flag should not be raised before sunrise.

It should be lowered at sunset.

It should not be displayed on stormy days nor be left out over night.

When the flag is passing in a parade, every man and boy should take off his hat and stand at attention. Every woman and girl should stand at attention.

The flag should not be allowed to touch the ground.

Children from Other Lands

Many children come from far across the sea to make their homes in our country. They become little citizens of the United States. Some of these little foreigners cannot speak our language. But they soon learn it at school.

These little citizens are taught how to salute the flag. They learn to say :

“ I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands ; one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.”

In some lands across the sea there are mission schools. In those schools many children learn about our country. The next story tells about a boy who learned in a mission school how to love and respect our flag. Later he came with his parents to this country and is now a citizen of the United States.

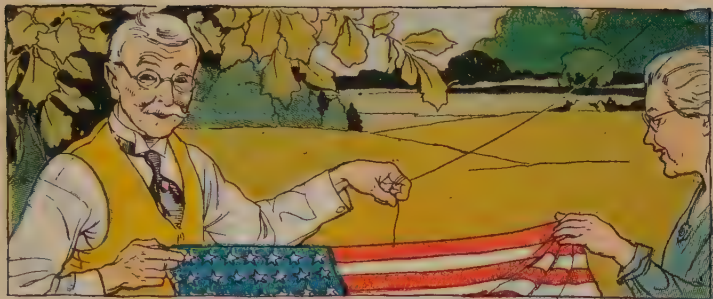
The Rescue of Old Glory

One morning Uncle Henry said, "Tomorrow is the Fourth of July. Let us take the children to the park and have a kite party. I'll help them to make the kites."

Early the next morning the children, Harry and Ann, were busy on the porch with Uncle Henry. Soon three fine kites were drying in a row. Ann called them Big Bear, Middle-sized Bear, and Baby Bear.

As soon as the kites were dry, the family started for the park. Uncle carried Big Bear and the lunch ; Harry carried Middle-sized Bear, and Ann carried Baby Bear. Mother took some sewing and Grandmother carried the surprise. It was something that Uncle Henry had brought home in a box. No one except Uncle Henry knew what the surprise was.

When they reached the park, they found



some people, who were foreigners, having a picnic. A tent was up and the band was playing. Boys and girls were flying red, white, and blue balloons.

Uncle Henry soon had Ann's kite in the air and the string in her hands. Then he drove the bobbin into the ground so that the kite could not get away. Harry said he could sail his kite alone.

Then Uncle Henry put up Big Bear. When it was sailing high, he asked grandmother to open the box. The children waited to see the surprise. Soon Uncle Henry shook out an American flag. How they all cheered!

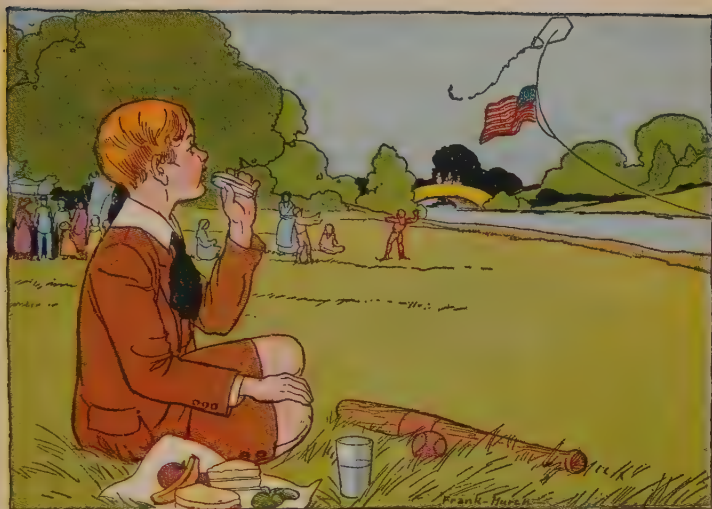
Uncle Henry tied the flag to a piece of cord and fastened it to Big Bear's string. Hand over hand he let the string out. Up, up went Old Glory, snapping in the breeze. The higher it went the farther out Big Bear sailed. Soon it hung over the water. As the flag rose, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and all the people sang.

Uncle Henry noticed that one of the foreign children kept his eyes on the flag while he sang.

"Any one who can sing 'The Star Spangled Banner' like that is a good American," said Uncle Henry. Then he drove his bobbin into the ground and began to open the lunch box.

When the foreigners went in to eat, the little boy did not follow them. He took his lunch and sat down on the grass where he could watch the flag.

The lad's name was Caspar. There was



not a child in the park who loved the flag as Caspar did. In his own country far across the sea he had lived in a mission house. There he had learned about America.

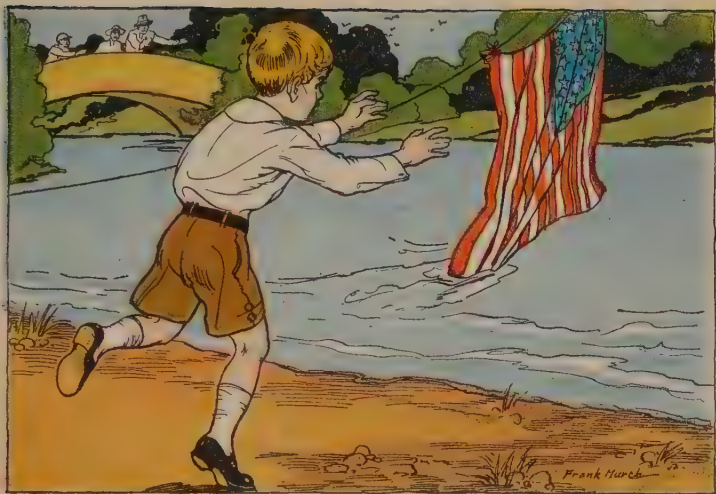
He had learned that our flag protects the people, even the poorest of little children. He knew, too, that he must never harm the flag, or let it be trampled on. After he came to America, he learned in school how to salute the flag.

Caspar was thinking of all this as he lay on the grass watching the flag. Suddenly he saw it give a little shiver. Then it began to sink, slowly at first, then faster. He looked at the end of the line and saw that the big white kite was dipping about in a strange way. Then he looked up the hill. Leaping down the slope came Uncle Henry as fast as he could. The children were running behind him.

Caspar was frightened. He wondered what would happen to the flag. Would it be trampled on, or would it fall into the sea and be lost? Oh, he must help rescue it!

He ran until he stood right under it. He stretched out his hands high to catch it, if it fell. But a strong breeze came up. It carried Big Bear over the water and pulled the flag with it. Caspar ran to the water's edge.

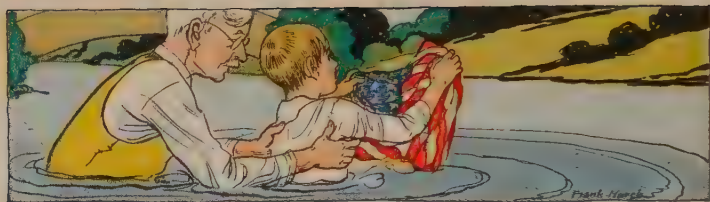
The lad did not know what to do next.



He could not swim. Uncle Henry and the children were now quite near the water.

"Swim for it, boy! You'll get it," shouted Uncle Henry.

Caspar understood the word "swim," but not the rest. He thought the kite man could not swim and was trying to tell him so. The little boy looked out at the flag. It was surely going into the water. It flapped and dipped. Then it dipped deeper still, right into the water.



Not another minute did the lad wait. Off went his jacket and away he ran into the water. The kite jumped up, then down, then up; but it was always just out of reach. All the people watched the boy who was trying to keep the flag in sight.

“Hurry, hurry, Uncle Henry! The boy can’t swim,” shouted Harry.

Uncle Henry was just in time. Caspar had hold of the flag and came up tangled in its folds.

After Uncle Henry brought the boy out, he sat Caspar on his shoulder so that every one could see the lad. “Now, one, two, three!” said Uncle Henry. “All cheer for the boy who would not let the flag be lost! Hoo-ray!”



“Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!” they all said. Then they cheered all over again and crowded around Uncle Henry and Caspar, as the two started home to put on dry clothes.

When little Caspar went home that night, he carried the flag that he had saved. Grandmother had washed it and dried it. You may be sure it looked as good as new.

ANNIE BALCOMB WHEELER

Questions to Answer

Answer from the story :

1. On what holiday did the story happen?
2. What made Big Bear's string the most interesting?
3. How did the people honor the flag when they saw it flapping in the breeze?
4. Why didn't Caspar eat his lunch with the other foreigners?
5. Where had Caspar learned about the American flag?
6. How did he show his love for the flag when it was in danger of being lost?

Think and answer :

1. What first made Uncle Henry believe that Caspar was a good American?
2. Show that Caspar deserved to own the picnic flag.
3. What lesson did the picnickers learn from Caspar's act?



Our Flag

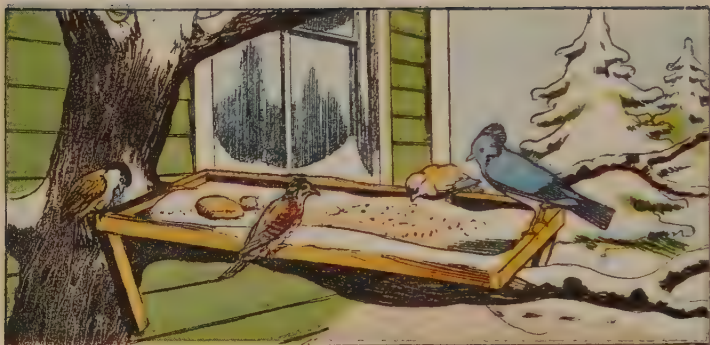
I

Hurrah for the flag,
Our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too.
There is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

MARY HOWLISTON

II

Our land is a land
Of the brave and the free ;
And over that land,
From sea to sea,
Our flag shall wave
With its colors three.



Questions and Answers for Little Citizens

Find the answers to these questions in the statements on the next page.

1. What can a little citizen do to help protect bird life?
2. What should every little citizen know about reporting a fire?
3. There is something each little citizen should do to protect his dog. What is it?
4. What rules about protecting our flag does he remember?
5. What should a little citizen remember when he builds a camp fire in the woods?

a. A little citizen does not build a camp fire near a tree or a bush.

b. A little citizen pays for his dog's license and buys him a collar. On the collar he fastens the license tag. He puts the dog's name and address on the collar.

c. Every little citizen should know how to report a fire by telephone and from the fire alarm box.

d. A little citizen can help to protect bird life by making a bird house, a bird bath, or a bird lunch counter in his yard.

e. Raise the flag before sunrise and lower it at sunset. Never raise it on a stormy day. Never let the flag touch the ground.

